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The Confederate X Roads Sage in Europe.

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X.

SOMETHING ABOUT ENGLISH DRESS.

LONDON, July 25, 1881.

With that propensity for lying on the part of traveled men and women to which I have had occasion to refer, the intending tourist is warned by all who have crossed the water to take as little clothing as possible, for the reason that "you can get any clothes you want in London at half the money, and then you have the style, you know." What infernal spirit seizes traveled people and compels such terrible falsification, I cannot conceive.

Quality considered, clothing is no cheaper in London than in New York. Which is to say if you are so lost to all sense of what is due yourself and the world as to wear such clothes as the Londoner does, you can get them quite as cheaply in New York, and no matter with what you are willing to put up, you will get them better. Should the American tailor try ever so hard to make a badly-fitting garment, his conscience, his taste, his everything would rebel against doing such work as the English tailor considers quite good enough for anybody.

You can get at a fairly fashionable shop in London a suit of black or blue, frock coat, trowsers and vest for five pounds or $25, which looks very cheap to one who has been in the habit of paying $35 for the same style of clothing in New York or Boston.

But just wait till you get the clothes and the idea of cheapness fades out like dew under a July sun. All there is cheap in the transaction is the suit. The material is very cheap, cheap to the point of flimsiness, and the making—heaven help you—it is thrown together. There are no stays to the pockets, no reinforcing to the seat, no leather on the inside of the bottoms of the trowsers, and the linings of the coat and vest, or waistcoat, as these semi barbarians call it, are of the cheapest and flimsiest material that a devilish ingenuity can weave. The suit cannot possibly wear a month and look decent.

But the worst is yet to come. You try it on. We will suppose the coat to be a single-breasted frock. You are immediately astonished at the liberality of your tailor in the matter of cloth, for when you draw the lapels together you find yourself able to button the right hand one on the left hand shoulder.

"Too much cloth in front," you remark.

"I thought you wanted an easy fit!" the villain answers without a blush.

"So I did, but I did not want all the cloth in your shop."

Then comes an animated discussion. You insist that it never has been your habit to go about in a sack, that you prefer not to appear habited in a bag. The tailor stands off a foot or two, and admits that while it is perhaps "a trifle easy," it is still a proper garment and quite in the mode. But if you prefer he will alter it. Prefer! why it will fit Daniel Lambert. It is twice too large for you and of course it must be altered. Then he takes French chalk, and makes a lot of marks on it and you leave it. In a few days he sends it to you altered. You put it on, and commence swearing, if you are a profane man, and objurgating, if you are not. I objurgated. For the trowsers hang about your legs like bags, the waistcoat climbs up the back of your neck to the ears, the coat is loose where it should fit closely, it is tight where it should be easy, the skirts hang about you awkwardly, it is angular, stiff and awkward, and yet it comes so near to being a garment that you are compelled to take it, especially, as, following the advice of the infernal tourist who said to you to take only one suit with you, you must have it at once. And so you put it on, and go out into the street, feeling as though you were an object to be stared at, and blighted. You bear not only the burden of physical discomfort, for a misfit is always uncomfortable, but have the consciousness that you are badly dressed, and that every bad point in your physical make up, is made still more conspicuous by the lack of skill in a tailor.

The only comfort you have is that everybody else is just as badly apparelled. Your American friends know at a glance that it is not your fault, but that you have passed under the blighting shears of an English tailor, and your English friends are all in the same fix. But then they enjoy bad clothes, never having had any other.

There were four Americans in one house in London who each ordered a suit of clothes of one tailor at one time. The four suits came home Saturday evening, and were all tried on Sunday morning. One was tall and slender, another short and stout, the third was dumpy, and the fourth was medium in hight and breadth.

No. 1 rushed into my room. "Look here," he exclaimed, "there is a mistake somewhere. These blank blank clothes must be yours. They were never made for me."

No. 2 entered. "These d—d trowsers must be yours. They were never made for me."

And in a minute No. 3 came in with the same exclamation. An examination of the addresses on the wrapping paper showed however that each had received the clothes intended for him, notwithstanding that each suit would have better fitted some other man. And then I soothed them by explaining that the English tailor makes all clothes alike, that he goes upon the supposition that every man should be so high and so broad, and that measurement is a mere form gone through with as a professional feint, the same as a lawyer looks the worst when he knows the least, and that to make any fuss about it would result in nothing, and the only thing to do was to take them, pay for them and wear them while in England. They were no worse off than everybody else, and that they should be philosophical and content. But one remarked, with a great deal of truth, that all the philosophy in the world wouldn't make a six foot man look well in a pair of trousers constructed for a five foot sixer, and another that he knew of no philosophy that would support one under the trying affliction of a coat that bagged on the shoulders and in the back, and that had no more shape to it than a bean sack.

That is where they were wrong. That is what philosophy is made for. England has given its world its greatest philosophers, her philosophers being made necessary by her tailors, the same as every country that cherishes an especially poison serpent, also grows a particularly powerful antidote and the snake and antidote grow together.

The women dress a trifle worse than the men—their dress makers are a trifle worse than their tailors. If an English woman would only buy her gowns ready made it would be better, for there would be a chance—only a slight one it is true, but yet a chance, of her getting a fit—but she will not. She goes to the most expensive modiste, "to get something good," and then all hope of a prettily dressed woman is gone and gone forever.

You can tell an American or French woman as far as you can see one. The neatly-fitting dress, so neatly fitting as to make you almost think the woman had been melted and poured into it, the dress of which an American girl said, that when she got into it she felt as if she had been born again, the neat little shoe, the grace with which the dress is carried and the grace of the woman who carries it, all contrast terribly with the angular gown, the shawl badly worn, and awkwardly worn, the ugly shoe and the large foot it covers, and the square, steady, grenadier-like step of the Englishwoman.

No matter how expensive the material or how costly the garments, no matter how much nature has done for the English women and they are as a rule magnificent specimens of woman-kind, they can't dress, and consequently lose half their attractiveness. They have strength, but they sadly lack grace.

It is all well enough for me, for I prefer badly-fitting clothes, desiring to keep down to the ordinary level and not be made too conspicuous, but it is hard upon those less favored, and who need to reinforce nature by art.

But always bear this in mind. When you come abroad bring with you all the clothes you think you will need, unless, indeed, you come flying light in the matter of baggage for convenience of transit. If that is your idea it is well but if you come expecting to furnish yourself in England at a less price or to get superior styles you will be the worst deceived man or woman in the world. Quality considered there is nothing cheaper than in America, and as for style, it is a Parisian dandy to a Hottentot. The English tailor is the most detestable cloth-butcher on the globe. So unutterably bad is he that I cannot ascribe his miracles of misfits to lack of mechanical skill, or general imbecility; there must be underlying his work a fiendish purpose and determination. The English tailor or dress maker must be a misanthropic individual who has a spite against the human race, and they must have a vengeance to wreak which they accomplish in this way.

I don't wish it to be understood that all English men and women are badly dressed. I have seen some most charming toilettes, but on inquiry I found that they were well to do people who could afford to go to Paris to get their clothes, or those who had just returned from New York.

If you desire to be well dressed in London take your clothes with you. This is the parting advice of a sufferer and victim. I have paid for my experience—I give it to my readers gratis. That is what I am here for, and I shall discharge my duty regardless of consequences.

SOMETHING ABOUT ANOTHER NUISANCE.

The next principal nuisance you meet in England is the system of "tipping." "Tipping," be it known is gratuities given to servants, or whomsoever does anything for you, which in any other enlightened country on the face of the globe is considered an act of courtesy, or a matter of right.

It commences the moment you leave the dock at New York. You have paid a very large sum for your passage, enough to entitle you to every comfort that money can buy. But there sits upon you immediately a horde of bloodsuckers who never let go, till, gorged, they drop off at Liverpool. There is a sovereign to the man who makes your bed; there is the chamber maid, there is the table steward, the smoking-room steward, the deck steward, there are collections for asylums in Liverpool, there are collections for the man who attends to the purser's room, where a select few are treated to a little refreshment at 5 in the afternoon. There are fees for showing the machinery of the vessel, there are tips for the Lord knows what. The only thing free about the vessel is the water outside, and could a scheme be devised for making you pay for a sight of that it would be put into operation at once.

Then there is the English hotel. The landlord measures you as you come in. He inventories you. He says "this man will stand six pounds, or eight may be. That will leave him enough to get back to London, with a cab fare to take him to his lodgings." And so when he makes his bill he manages to make it to the exact amount of what he thinks you have about your person, irrespective of what accommodation you have received. In paying this enormous bill should you display more money than he supposed you carried, he gnashes his teeth and howls with rage. But he very seldom gnashes or howls. He is a very skilful person, and knows intuitively to a half sovereign how much you will or rather can bleed.

You contract for your room for so much a day—and the sum is always a round one—and it is explained to you that you may order your meals from a bill of fare, the price of each dish being set down opposite its name. Very good, you say to yourself, I know now what I am to pay, and you fall to work. Do you? Not much. There stands a waiter, who makes a frantic effort to appear like a man, but only succeeds in getting to where Darwin commenced the human race. But he rubs his hands, and smirks, and smiles, and brings you your orders, and still smiles and smiles and would be a villain were there enough of him. He does all he can in this direction, however.

When you are through, you rise and prepare to get out. The waiter stops you with an obsequious smile in which there is much determination, and remarks, "the waiter!" You are made to understand that he expects a shilling. You give it him. Getting to your room you want a pitcher of water. A servant brings it, and waits till you give him a sixpence. You take a drink—if you do drink—I know this from seeing other victims—you pay for the drink, and the servant who brings it to you expects and manages to get three pence. The boy who cleans your boots wants sixpence, the chambermaid who sweeps your room wants a shilling, the boy who goes down to see if you have any letters wants sixpence, and after paying for all this you get your bill. Understand you have already paid exorbitant prices for each and every bit of service you have received, but nevertheless, there in your bill is an item "attendance four days, eight shillings." You pay it without a murmur externally, and hope you are done with it. Not so. As you leave the hotel, there stands the entire retinue of servants, the boots, the chambermaid, the bar-man, the bell-boy, all with their hands extended, and every one expecting a parting shower of small coin. You pay it. There is no other way to do.

You see how it is. You pay the servants for the performance of every possible duty when they perform it; you then pay the landlord for the duties already paid for, and then as you leave the house you pay the servants over again. Three times for the same service, and that whether any service has been rendered or not.

You get into your cab and drive to the station. The legal fare is one and six pence. The cabby expects sixpence in addition, for himself, the porter who shows you what car to get into, with the uniform of the company on his back, expects four pence for that, the other porter who takes your valise to the car-door, must be feed, and so on, and so on forever and forever.

I tried conclusions with a hotel clerk in a City in England, but I shall never do it again. There is no use. You might as well submit first as last. You may struggle, but they have you as certainly as their ancestors and prototypes, the old Barons, had the Jews.

I went to bed at night with two candles on the mantel. It was bright moonlight, and as I had read my regular chapter in the Revised Testament in the office, I had no occasion for light. I simply wanted to get into bed, therefore I didn't light the candles at all.

The next morning I found in my bill a charge for two candles, two shillings I protested.

"I used no candles," I said.

"But they were there," was the cool reply. "Perhaps you used matches—it is all the same."

"But I didn't use matches, and if I did, I had my own."

"We do everything for the comfort of the guests of the house. There were candles and matches for you."

He never blushed but took the two shillings as coolly as possible, receipted the bill and said "Thank you," and hoped if I ever visited the place again I would call upon them.

I presume I shall. It doesn't make any difference where you go, it is all the same, and if you are to be swindled, it is preferable to have it done by somebody you have a slight acquaintance with.

It reminded me of the man who built a tavern in Indiana. A traveler stopped with him one night, and the next morning asked for his bill.

"Twelve hundred and fifty dollars," said the landlord promptly.

"Twelve hundred and fifty dollars for one day! It is outrageous."

"It is a little high" said the landlord, "but I'll tell you how it is. I opened this house exactly a year ago yesterday. I expected to make a thousand dollars the first year, and you are the first customer I had. I ought to charge you a little more to cover insurance, but I like you and don't want to be hard on you. $1,250 will do."

The English landlord likewise makes out his bill with the calm confidence that he will never see his guest again. He seldom does—if the guest can help it.

I have orated much against the American hotel clerk and his diamond pin and cool insolence, but I shall never do it again. He is a babe in arms as compared with his English brother.

The system of feeing goes into everything and every where. Your are begrudged a breath of fresh air, unless you are willing to tip somebody, and I suppose a tip would be required for a snore if a servant could possibly get into your room.

In fact you cannot go anywhere in London without the everlasting and eternal tip, except the British Museum. That is the single and sole exception. There, on certain days, there is no admission fee, and you pay nothing for having your cane and umbrella cared for. But everywhere else you pay an admission fee, you pay a swindler for taking your cane, and you pay the guide for giving you an entirely unintelligible account of what is to be seen. Even Westminster Abbey, the most sacred spot in England, has its regular system of tips. It is not as it was in the Temple of Jerusalem, in the time of our Savior. There were money changers there—here the vergers give no change. They keep all you give them. Consequently they are not liable to be scourged out.

In the restaurants there is a charge on the bill for attendance, but nevertheless you are expected to tip the man who waits upon you. By the way, these waiters get no pay for their services, they pay the proprietors a bonus for their places.

The hackney coach driver gets about two shillings a day from the proprietors of his vehicles, and makes his money from his customers. The man who drove us down to the Derby, expected, and did not expect in vain, for he demanded it directly, two shillings each from his 12 passengers, notwithstanding the fact that we had paid $12.50 each for our passage.

It runs through everything. I will not say that the Queen herself divides with her servants the tips they receive, for I do not know. I will not make statements rashly. But I presume she does. I do not see how important a source of revenue should escape her notice, or be neglected. I shall not offer her sixpence when I inspect any of her palaces, nor do I say she would take it from me. But so firmly fixed is the internal system, so much is it a part of English life, that I verily believe it would wrench the amiable old lady's heart not to take it, and I also believe that she would so manage that I should not get away with it in my possession.

Oh! my countrymen! it is my duty to warn you against a great impending danger. The system of tipping is gradually but surely, getting its rapacious fingers upon your vitals. It has its clammy grasp upon your sleeping cars; it is gradually working into hotels, and everywhere else. Strangle the monster in its infancy. Declare war upon it at once and fight it to the death. Refuse to pay the sleeping car porter for what you have already paid the corporation of which he is an excrescence. Refuse sternly to fee the servant at a hotel, the porter who handles your trunk and the man who waits upon you at table. When he says to you "my wages are small, and I must have fees," say to him kindly but firmly, "either make the proprietor pay you proper wages or quit his employ. If you cannot plow or hammer stone, go out quietly and die for the good of the many. It is not necessary that you should wear a swallow tailed coat and make more for trivial services than the average mechanic does for a hard day's work. We will none of it."

And so shall you rid yourself of the most infernal nuisance that afflicts England, the one petty worriment that makes the life of the tourist unhappy. We can endure a giant monopoly, but these petty tyrannies are unbearable.

Washington authorities say that if they had instantly demanded all the United States mail bags, that the thrifty Canadians were using, and the pouches had been as instantly surrendered, it would have caused a temporary suspension of the entire mail service in the Dominion

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It is destred that all papers shall feel at liberty to make very liberal extracts from these letters, but no one will be permitted to reproduce the letters in full.

For the Blade.

MY TIME OF TEARS.

BY JASPER WEIR.

Once in my walking courage almost failed me,
And I said at evening when the sun went down:
"Heart, hands and brain may cease their useless labor,
Duty offers no successes, toil no crowns."

The year was in its May-time. Waxen blossoms
Crowned the orchards in their bridal white;
Miracles of leaf and bloom were swelling—
Glowing, growing through the star-lit night.

Earth's myriad voices sang their tuneful chorus,
The glad fields drank the sunlight's golden wine;
The mist-bands wreathed the golden meadow-lands in beauty,
Or touched the morning hills with silvery shine.

June came and brought the wheat field's molten promise,
The clover's sea of purple fragrant bloom;
The grape-vine offered up her spicy sweetness
To scent the dimness of my curtained room.

The leaves turned up to heaven their pleading faces,
Asking for rain—and the soft showers came down;
The flowers drank their fulness, and the harvests
Took on the color of their ripening brown.

I could not see the beauty of the spring-time;
My bridal robes were lain away in gloom.
What right had she to clothe herself in whiteness,
To mock the fading of my promised bloom?

"E'en to the weeds and grasses," said I through my weeping,
"Cometh a time for ripeness and for mirth;
No glad fruition follows on my vigil keeping—
In place of crowning ripeness, sickly birth.

Of joys that bring no gladness in their holding,
Crowned as they come with wreaths of bitter-sweet;
I cannot *learn* the lesson of the leaves; my pleading
Brings down from heaven no cooling showers to meet

My thirsty need." Thus, while the fair days dawned,
And grew and widened into the perfect noons,
Then slowly set to the still, white nights,
My life moved—shrouded in its midnight glooms.

All great sorrows of the earth came near me;
I lived in every creature's pain and loss.
I moved in the shadow of all grievings
And bowed beneath the weight of every cross.

There *came* a time when, in the heavy darkness,
A rift was made which let the sunnght through;
And something fell about me like the glory—
The unconscious gladness my childhood that knew.

The spring again had blossomed, and the hours
With weary arms of toil yearned toward the night,
When, pausing in dumb patience to look upward,
I caught the beauty of the fading light.

I scarce had noticed 'till the sun was setting
How fair the sunlight was—how *very* fair.
But, as the last rays fell aslant—the meadows fretting
With golden bars, I knew it *had been* fair.

And then a light fell in upon my spirit,
Where weight of heaviest sorrow long had pressed,
And brightly through its radience glowed the promise—
The promise of His waiting peace and rest.

Slow are we to heed life's deepest teachings!
So slowly learned I of the passing years,
Until I turned to listen to their preachings,
Bowed 'neath the awe and discipline of tears.

Then heart, hands and brain took up their labor,
For life is life," the lesson read, "although
We miss the measure of our human longings,
And Duty upon us will not bestow

"Her crown of blessing till her voice of calling
Speaks to us of Divine and spoken will;
Then, like a mantle o'er us falling,
His peace and quiet will the long days fill.

"No mocking power decree our pain and losses,
Dropping Time's veil between us and our dead;
No cruel master loads us with our crosses—
A time upon life's husks our souls are fed,

"That we may learn to know His heavenly manna
Alone can fill our deepest human needs.
He wills not that we miss *one* smallest blessing,
But keener eyes than ours—our steps must lead."

And so I bowed beneath my weight of sorrow,
Finding the richest treasures in its gloom;
Without the baptism of its tears and darkness
My life had missed the fullness of its bloom.

With quickened sight I see beside my pathway
The humble tasks I prized not over-much;
And lifting them with glad and willing labor,
They turn to blessings 'neath a *loving* touch
Whona, Ohio.

BELLA'S GLOVE.

"Well, girls, what shall we do to day?"

It was on the broad piazza of the Baden-Baden Springs, one of the summer hostelries in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Not a man to be seen—the long piazza was a vista of skirts. At one end sat the matrons, either doing some one of those numberless things called "fancy-work," or else retailing their household troubles. At the other sat the young ladies, some with novels in their laps, some idle. They were gazing listlessly across the garden to the disused croquet ground.

No one said, "Let's play croquet." No, indeed; there had been a pitched battle on the croquet ground the day before. Miss Helen Winn had remarked that she named no names, but when a person was wired she did not think it fair for her to move her ball when the others were not looking. Upon this Miss Tillie Robertson had burst into tears, and said that Miss Winn was "a hateful thing." Miss Carrie Bunner, partner to her of the tears, immediately laid down her mallet with great dignity, and ostentatiously escorted Miss Robertson from the ground, saying, "There now, Tillie," "Never mind them," etc., all of which was inexpressibly goading to the other side.

By way of showing the two seceders how unnecessary they were, two other ladies took their places, and the game for a while was conducted in the smoothest manner, and the conversation in sugared tones. From the fact, however, that they came home in four different directions, it is supposed that something went wrong. John, whose duty it was to put away the mallets and balls after ladies used the ground, related on his return to the kitchen, that he "found them there mallets scattered all over creation just where them gals flung 'em when the game bust up."

No, although they had all "made up" since, the influences upon the whole were not favorable to that game which stirs the feminine soul so deeply. By the way, was the woman ever born who would not cheat at croquet if she got a good chance?

"Well, girls, what shall we do today?" It was Bella Chester who spoke."

Now, Bella had not been mixed up in the quarrel of the day before. If there was one thing she did not care for, it was croquet without gentlemen. It is unnecessary, then, to tell you that she was croquetish. But she was pretty, too. was Bella—bewilderingly pretty. And yet she was not so pretty that other women did not like her, for they did. There are two kinds of pretty women.

"Let's go up to the springs," said Helen Winn, "and watch them bottling the waters."

"Pshaw!" said Bella, "there's only an old man and a boy there. Girls," she went on, "I have an idea. How far is it from here to Santa Maria College?"

"About six miles," said Helen.

"Then I'll tell you what let's do. We'll have the rockaway team hitched up, and get John to drive us over there. It's vacation time now, and the students have gone home. We'll have the monks show us all over the buildings, the old mansion church, and everything."

"They're not *monks*," said Carrie Bunner, with an air of wisdom (Miss Bunner was a Catholic), they're *fathers*."

"Well, I'd like to know what's the difference," said Miss Bella, briskly.

"I—dont—know," said Miss Carrie, weakening; "but you must call them fathers, anyway."

"I'll call them anything they like," said Miss Bella. "But come, girls—let's go and get ready."

In fifteen minutes five of the girls were all ready. They had simply put on immense straw hats and very ugly dusters. Their gloves were veterans; their shoes substantial, but not beautiful. In short, they were attired as sensible girls should be for a ride over a California road in summer.

But the minutes passed, and Bella did not come. John chewed tobacco, and soothed his impatient horses as they flicked the flies from off their backs and pawed the ground. John was never impatient. A sweet and tender restfulness filled his soul when he was waiting for ladies. He had driven around watering-places many years, had John.

At last she came. A simultaneous cry arose:

"Why, what ever has kept you so long?"

Suddenly Helen exclaimed: "Well I declare! If that girl hasn't gone and changed her dress!"

"Yes, and fixed her hair!"

"And put on a clean pair of gloves!"

"And changed her boots!"

"It was all true. Miss Bella had endeavored to shroud these treasons in her duster and hat, but if was useless. She was indeed a pretty sight, as she stood there with one dainty foot on the step. Even John was moved. He reflectively spat on the high side, and made room from her to sit by him. Miss Bella sprung into the seat. John was better than nothing. And as they spun along the road she laughed at his well-worn stories, admired his skill as a driver, and when he turned to look at her would drop her eyes. And John? Well, he chewed tobacco. 'Tis wonderfully soothing, in any form, is the maligned weed.

At last the little town was reached, and John dashed up in style to the college gates. The ladies descended, crossed the wide and dreary-looking campus, and applied for permission to see the old mission church and the college buildings. It was granted them, and an old olive skinned Italian priest was detailed to show them over the place. He was gentle and courteous in manner, handsome in face, and there was a certain dignity about him which impressed even the giddy Bella at first. But not for long.

They passed into the old mission-church, with its quaint statues and curious paintings. That peculiar realism which seems to impress the Latin mind only revolted them, and the image of the Savior upon the cross, the blood trickling from the crown of thorns and from the wound in his side, only made them turn away in disgust. The strange frescoing over the altar, too, did not impress them; they laughed at the four and twenty elders sitting around the Great White Throne, with "Sancto, Sancto, Sancto" coming from their mouths, while the monkish artists attempted to represent the Deity shocked them. Then they went into the college, and saw the laboratory, and the philosophical apparatus, with its strange electrical machines, globes, and what not. From there to the library, where Father Augustine showed them the quaint old books from which dead and gone monks had chanted vespers and matin songs. Huge volumes were they, of parchment-leaf and leathern cover, with giant clasp and hinge; odd looking notes in red and black, squatty and square (for they were Gregorian), climbed over curious staff-lines. The girls tried to make out the words, but the lettering was strange to them, and, had it not been so the language would have been. So Father Augustine read out some of the lines, the Latin sounding less harsh in the mellow Italian way than they had thought. And then they looked at the shelves, where imposing tomes held between their covers the writings of the early Fathers of the church—those early fathers who were so early that they had to father all later creeds. Many were the strange characters, many the tongues, in which these books were written.

"And can you read all those dreadful languages, Father?" asked Miss Bella.

"No, not all," he replied, "but many, and brother Anselm, who is the librarian, can read them all."

"Can he read that, Father?" said Carrie Bunner, with wide-open eyes, turning over a curious looking volume.

"Yes, my daughter," said the monk, smiling, "that is only Hebrew. Even I can read that."

The library exhausted, Father Augustine asked them if they would like to ascend to the observatory, where there was a fine view of the surrounding valley. Miss Bella was the first to speak:

"Oh, girls," said she, "I'm tired. I don't think I care to go. But since the Father has been so kind, some of you go."

But the other girls were tired, too. And so Miss Bella, with an appearance of great self abnegation, declared that she would go, although Father Augustine politely protested that the climb was fatiguing, and, if tired, she should not attempt it. But opposition only made her more determined, so they went together.

"Oh, what a lovely view!" cried Miss Bella, as they gazed over the ferule valley. "Oh, Father, I'm ever so much obliged to you for inducing me to come."

"It is indeed well worth the trouble," replied the priest.

"Father," said Miss Bella, fixing her brown eyes upon him, "what is the reason you say 'my daughter' to Miss Bunner, and not to the rest of us?"

"Because," replied the priest, gravely, "she is a Catholic, and the others are heretics."

"How do you know she is a Catholic?"

"Because she bowed to the Host when in the church, which none of the others did."

"So I am a heretic, too, I suppose?" said Miss Bella, with a pretty pout.

"Yes," said the priest, calmly.

"Am I so dreadful, then?" said the girl archly.

"No," he replied, flushing slightly, "but—that is——"

"Ah, wicked Bella! you have pierced the priestly armor.

"Come, Father," said she, coaxingly, "call me 'daughter,' too. I feel as if I were a leper or something. Ugh!" And she shivered, and then laughed merrily.

"Very well—my daughter," said the priest.

Miss Bella was as pleased as is victorious General. But she was not content. She leaned out from the window, and as she did so she dropped a glove upon the floor. When she turned the glove was gone.

Miss Bella could have hugged herself. But all things have an end, and so had the tete a-tete in the tower. Bella at last descended, and as usual found her companions cross through waiting, and as usual subdued them. And so they bade farewell to Father Augustine, thanking him for his courtesy, and cross the campus to the carriage. And when they reached it wicked Bella could no longer conceal her story, but told with great glee how she had made an impression upon the heart of Augustine. I am afraid she used a slangy word in speaking of it.

Carrie Bunner was horror-stricken.

"Bella Chester," said she, "I don't believe a word of it. Do you mean to tell me that he, a priest, would keep one of your gloves?"

"Priests are only men," said Bella, defiantly.

"Well, I don't care," said Carrie; "I don't believe it, so there."

And the girls climbed into the rockaway, which stood near the old church; the view of the college was thus intercepted.

John had listened meanwhile with much interest. He believed Bella. He privately believed that she could captivate any man, if she set her mind on it. And as he took a fresh chew of tobacco, and prepared to start, he indulged in much quiet mirth at the priest's expense.

Suddenly a black robed figure appeared around the corner of the church. Bella's heart went down into her diminutive boots.

It was Father Augustine.

"I wonder if he heard us?" she said to herself.

The monk motioned to John to stop. He advanced to the side of the carriage.

"One of the servants," said he, blandly doffing his angular cap" has just come down from the observatory, where he found a glove. It was probably left by the young lady who was there with me. Which was the lady?"

Carrie Bunner's eyes sparkled maliciously. She pointed to Bella.

"Is it yours, Miss?" said the monk smoothly.

Bella mutely nodded. She could not speak. She felt that she was crimson to the roots of her hair.

He handed it to her. "I bid you good day, young ladies," said he gravely. And he strode off toward the college.

John touched up his horses. He grinned, but said nothing. He was a man, and therefore generous. The girls giggled and said a great deal. They were women.

And Bella? Well, Bella had wondered at first whether Father Augustine had heard her.

She is wondering yet.

THE ONEIDA COMMUNISTS.

Something of the Society to Which Guiteau Belonged.

"Gaits" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Guiteau is a type of a large class in the country, who, having picked up a little law, written a speech or two to deliver before the public, or strolled into a prayer meeting and attracted consideration, come to think themselves national characters; and the more ragged and dirty they become the more they liken themselves to distinguished men of antiquity—such as Diogenes and Socrates. Guiteau as has been said in a Southern newspaper is considerable of a satire on some of the elements of the Republican party. There is no record that he is a drinking man. He has been a lecturer on temperance. He would be perfectly acceptable with a clean suit of clothes to the total abstinence wing of the Republican party. Then he was one of your prayer meeting men. Instead of locating somewhere, joining a church, and bringing up his character slowly, he would pounce into a church the first thing after his arrival at a hotel, and address the people on something or other.

He was one of those little snap theologians who read a little of the Bible and jumped to a conclusion which they consider to be an important turn in theology; and so it is as important as many of the turns that have brought considerable theological fame. Everybody was looking for the second coming of Christ, and he put three or four paragraphs together somewhere, and discovered that Christ had already come, and the exact year he came, and nobody had noticed it but himself. This was sufficient, had he a congregation, to set the man on a series of travels throughout this country, Europe and the Holy Land.

It was the same kind of discovery that his lord and master, Noyes, of the Oneida Community, made when he read in the Bible one day that in Heaven they are neither married nor given in marriage. Therefore, says Noyes, marriage is not a heavenly institution. Ergo, the world must be made Heaven. Resolved, that marriage shall be bursted up. So Noyes went down in Connecticut, where there was a strong minded woman with an unintellectual husband, who had a good farm, and he showed the aforesaid husband and the sister that to be just like other heavenly people he must come into a community where there were no marriages, and bring his daughters and sons in and turn all their worldly goods in the common lot. "Then," said Reverend Noyes, "I will initiate you into the best substitute for marriage."

Noyes went preaching over the country. He was a Baptist of the sect Gen. Arthur was raised in. Being pretty well known among the Baptists, he got a hearing in many a Baptist family, and so moved his community from Connecticut to New York, and had become a considerable commercial concern when Guiteau and his father went into the community, according to accounts and the young man stayed there much longer than his father, and was engaged in one of the numerous quarrels in that community about the women.

I recollect some years ago seeing a man who had sued that community to recover his wife and a sum of money he had put in. He went there expecting things were much looser than they were; but he found old Rev. Noyes the only man who was married to everybody. Noyes was married to this novice's wife, and his daughters, too; and after that the wife would have nothing to do with her husband. The women in the community generally disliked this husband. He had not a religious tongue in his head. He was a purely physical lover. He could not butter his parsnips with sentiment. He sued the community for his money, and his wife, and set up the point that the women would not tolerate him.

This nasty community was allowed to continue in the State of New York, near Conkling's home at Utica, 26 years, and would have been a tremendous nuisance to this day, but that Noyes got old and concluded that there had better be marriages on this earth in order to give him a rest. It is now secularized and raises gilt edged butter, bear traps and Yankee notions. It furnished, however, the assassin of the President. After he got out of the Oneida Community Guiteau went to the different theological conventicles, where somebody had boiled away from his congregation, and was preaching essays instead of sermons. He was very much infatuated with Prof. Swing, in Chicago. He joined the Shakers awhile. He followed Bob Ingersoll around to show what a fool Bob was, and correspondingly how great a man Guiteau was. Never able to pay his bills, he retained a serene equanimity, as if this world owed him a living, and it was a small matter not to settle bills when one had great ideas in one's head. The last of his patented notions was that by discharging a pistol into the President he could save the Republican party. If this kind of a man is crazy, he is to be found at at large in every community.

SCANDAL-MONGERS.

Do you hear the scandal-mongers
Passing by,
Breathing poison in a whisper,
In a sigh?
Moving cautiously and slow,
Smiling sweetly as they go,
Never noisy—gliding smoothly like a snake,
Slipping here and sliding there
Through the meadows fresh and fair,
Leaving subtle slime and poison in their wake.

Saw you not the scandal monger
As she sat,
Beaming brightly 'neath the roses
On her hat?
In her dainty gloves and dress,
Angel-like, and nothing less,
Seemed she—casting smiles and pleasant words about,
Once she shrugged and shook her head,
Raised her eyes and nothing said,
When you spoke of friends, and yet it left a doubt.

Did you watch the scandal-monger
At the ball,
Through the music, rhyming, beauty,
Light and all?
Moving here, and moving there,
In a whisper light as air,
Casting shadows on a sister woman's fame—
Just a whispered word or glance—
As she floated through the dance,
And a doubt forever hang upon a name

You will find the scandal mongers
Everywhere;
Sometimes men, often women,
Young and fair;
Yet their tongues dip foulest slime,
And they spend their leisure time
Casting mud on those who climb by work and worth.
Shun them, shun them as you go,
Shun them whether high or low,
They are but the cursed serpent of the earth.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS IN BERLIN.

A Ludicrous Fashion and How it Impresses Foreigners—The Feelings of Teutonic Maids and Matrons Respecting Names.

New York Times.

One of the most curious characteristics of Berlin society is that every person belonging to it, except unmarried women and male minors who have not matriculated at the university, has some sort of a title by which he or she expects to be addressed, as well in social parlance as upon the outside of an envelope. This quaint fashion is not peculiar to the German Capital; it prevails throughout the Fatherland, and is even more punctiliously observed in some of the Southern provincial cities than in the more prosaic and practical Northern towns. But it makes a more ludicrous impression upon the foreigner, perhaps, in Berlin than elsewhere, because the average intelligence of the modern Athenians is unquestionably of a higher standard than that of Suabian Pumpernicklers or Bavarian Schweiniglers; and culture, many-sidedness, and cosmopolitanism seem comically out of keeping with a custom which is the outcome of petty vanity and paltry ambition. Every man you meet or have to do with in the every-day transaction of life, no matter whether he belongs to the upper, middle, or lower strata of society, is endowed with a handle to his name, and if you fail to use that handle which sticks out so prominently that it cannot escape your notice, you may be sure that its owner will regard you with disfavor and disdain, as one unacquainted with the polite usages and totally forlorn of "Bildung." Thus, the tradesman who provides your family with its daily bread, should you find it necessary to address him remonstratively upon the subjects of short weight or an overdose of alum in your morning roll, is sure to take offense unless his title of "Mr. Master Baker" is duly inscribed upon your communication. If he happen to be one of the many privileged beings entitled by special diploma to supply any member of the reigning family with plum cakes or tops and bottoms, you will have to add the prefix of "Mr. Royal Court Purveyor" to his more purely professional predicate, or brave his just indignation. In its totality, and expressed in the German idiom, his title will occupy two lines of close writing; unless, indeed, the honorific distinction of a Commercial Chancelorship should have rewarded the excellence of his crust and crumb, in which case three lines will scarcely describe him with complete exhaustiveness. But stay; he may be a Town Councilor to boot, if he be tolerably well off and disinterestedly minded to meddle in his fellow-citizens' affairs. Should this be so, you may readily cover the entire back of the envelope, with the exception of the small square space reserved in one corner for the postage stamp, with the record of his dignities; and even then it will be odds upon your having omitted some essential titular distinction.

As I said before, everybody, from Prince to peasant, from Duke to dustman has his title and insists upon its recognition. Whatever it may be, it is invariably preceded by an introductory "Mr." in itself a leveling and democratic designation, like the French "Monsieur." The highest officer in the army is addressed as "Mr. Field Marshal"—the lowest as "Mr. Corporal." It is equally the correct thing to speak of a nobleman as "the Mr. Count," or of a hangman as "the Mr. Sharp Judge." (*Scharfrichter.*) If a private person, living upon an income derived from landed property, happens to lack an absolutely distinctive title, he must be addressed according to the nature of his territorial tenure, as "Mr. Great Estate Proprietor" or "Mr. Knight's Estate Proprietor." Should, however, his means be in the nature of dividends upon Government stock, railway scrip, etc., his proper predicate will be "Herr Rentier," which may be rendered in English "Mr. Income-Possessor." By that title, if he be your friend, he will expect to be invited to your house and to be introduced to your guests. It does not, however, convey itself by social convention to his wife, as does almost every other class or professional predicate. This is particularly harsh on the spouses of some wealthy gentlemen who, having no special occupation, and being content to abstain from the performance of any public function whatsoever, are, from the German social point of view, nobodies. It is, however, open to the better-half of such a low-minded nonentity, satisfied with groveling in obscure, unhonored comfort, to style herself "Mrs. Private Person"—*Germanice*, Frau Privatiere, a title which, to English ears, has quite a romantic flavor of piracy, letters of marque, buried treasure, and the Spanish Main.

But little joy accrues to the well-regulated German female soul from the right to sport so tamely indefinite a prefix as Frau Privatiere. Better be "Mrs. Tribunal-Assessor" or "Mrs. Manufactory Inspector" than so meek a thing as "Mrs. Private Person." How blissful, on the other hand, are the feelings of a right minded, self respecting Teutonic matron who is entitled by the unwritten laws of social etiquet to exact from her dearest friends that they shall greet her as "Mrs. Upper Privy Government Councilor" or "Mrs. General Army Auditor!" The ladies whose husbands belong to what is known in Germany as the "Honoratioren" class—that is to say a sort of blended military, official, and municipal hierarchy, consisting of persons holding rank of the higher sorts in careers recognized by the State, and about equivalent to the five upper categories of the Russian Tchin—are accustomed to meet with frequency at coffee parties—afternoon affairs—given in succession by the fair planets of that particular siderial system. At these gatherings, some of which I have been privileged to attend in the character of a harmless and tolerable respectable alien, a liberal education in the unnumbered *nuances* of German titular observance, as precise as they are delicate, may be rapidly acquired by one who is at once attentive and retentive. The ladies are, as a rule, extremely voluble and perfectly up in the science of predicates. There is no fear that any of them will fail to accost her neighbor with a correct recital of the exact official style to which the latter has a real or honorary claim, or will condone any shortcomings with respect to her own official designation. *Suum caique tributo*, the device of the Black Eagle, is the fundamental principle underlying all the forms of intercourse current in these interchanges of hospitality between the fair members of the Honoratioren caste.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, AUG. 18, 1881.

OUR CHEAP BOOKS.

It was our intention to withdraw all announcements of cheap books in the BLADE, but such seems to be the demand, that we believe a small list of books for Summer reading will be appreciated by the readers. We therefore select those which are rare bargains in price, and endorse them by saying they are the cheapest ever offered to the reading public, and well adapted to the season. We send all books prepaid by mail.

The greatest bargain is in the two works, "Bible Biography" and "Struggles of Nasby," both of which have been described in these columns as very fine, large illustrated volumes, made expressly for the subscription trade. The regular price of these books are $8, but we mail them post-paid for $1.25. We have but a very few copies of the "Struggles of Nasby" unsold.

The following cloth bound popular $1.75 novels we are mailing post paid for 50 cts.: "Lady Lovers," "All for Him," "Conquered," "Peerless Pathleen," "St. Peter," "Frida," "Vesta Van," and "The Grinder Papers," "Errors," "Home Harmonies," "Lily of San Miniato," "Home Ties and Rivals," "Richard Vandermark," "Bitterwood," "Innocents from Abroad," "A Woman to the Cyprus," "Shakespeare," "Another Man's Wife," Milly Darrell" and "Led Astray."

The following cloth-bound books we are mailing post paid for 25 cts.: "He or I," a story of the East; "That Comic Primer," a humorous primer; "That Bridget of Ours," a novel; "Rivet Poems," a book of poems; "Annals of a Baby," a story; "Me," a story; "Tim's Wife," a story; "Our Artist in Spain and Cuba," comic illustrations of travel; "That Charming Evening," a book of evening games and pastimes; "Dental Economy," a treatise on the teeth.

The following are bargains, post-paid, by mail: "Tourist's Guide in Great Britain," 75 cents; "Great and Eccentric Characters," $1.50; "Baron Munchausen," 75 cents; "Smith's Bible Dictionary," a large edition, $3.50; "Oriental Sketches," 50 cents; "Gulliver's Travels," 50 cents; "War Tiger and White Elephant," 50 cents; "Good Things," an illustrated book for children, $1.25, and "Shakspere," 55 cents.

NASBY PAMPHLETS.

Nasby as a Banker, by Nasby.
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Sent by mail for 10 cents each.
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For any of the above books, address
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FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. Fortune, of Halifax, has given birth to twins—girls. Of course, "Miss Fortunes never come singly."

Strips of lead are used by many girls in frizzing their hair, as it does the thing better than pieces of of newspaper. Step by step the press is losing its grip.

Mexican women are said to be old at 30, after which they shrivel up and disappear. Perhaps it is conversation that exhausts them. A woman must be quiet if she is to live long.

The German papers say the Count von Moltke gets but three hours' sleep per night. Mrs. von Moltke must have the greatest case of cold feet on record.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The widow of James Fisk, jr. ("Prince Erie,") is said to be living in retirement with the family of a certain police captain in Boston, and to be in a somewhat impoverished condition.

Longitudinal stripes in bright colors, with gold and silver hair line effects, crossed diagonally with stripes formed in the weaving of the fabric, make one of the features of the new fall goods.

The condensed forms used in giving cooking recipes are sometimes misunderstood. To one for making lemon pies is added: "Then sit on the stove and stir constantly."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Miss Flora Guitean, half sister of Charles J. Guiteau, is a graduate of Cazenovia Seminary, N. Y. While there she made an excellent record for scholarship, and was especially noted for her musical attainments. Her mother before her marriage was for some time a milliner in the Village of Cazenovia.

The beauty which has been so generally accorded to the women of the City of Mexico is pronounced mythical by a correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, who says they will bear no comparison with United States women. He charges the Mexican belle with being artificial. Her face is a mass of chalk and rouge, and he thinks it is seldom washed.

Mrs. Kane, widow of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, and one of the Fox sisters, noted for their "Rochester knockings" of 25 years ago, is among the mediums of the Lake Pleasant Spiritualistic camp meeting. She produces the raps quite as mysterious as ever, and declares that they have followed her constantly since childhood. She does "spiritual writing," too, rapidly filling a slate with messages in which the letters are all upside down.

The gas suddenly went out at a San Jose concert the other evening, and when it was relit a young lady indignantly exposed a happy-looking man who had been the next best to kissing her in the darkness. The man tried to explain, but some of the lady's friends seized and proceeded to fire him out with expedition. As they reached the door the victim managed to gasp out, "Me kiss a woman! Why, I'm just divorced!" That settled it. He was apologized to, and the man of experience proudly resumed his seat.

Terrible effect of the admission of women to the medical school: A conversation of the future—Hollis Holworthy (meeting Æsculapia Sawbones, who has just entered the medical school)—"How do you do, Miss Sawbones?" Miss Sawbones—"O pretty well, thank you. There is a trifling irritation of the muscular fibers of the anterior surface of the soft palate in the region of the anterior pillar of the fauces, a slight contraction of the inferior constrictor and the stylo and palato pharyngeal muscles, and a little enlargement of the mucous follicles of the amygdalæ, but otherwise—(Poor Hollis was only prevented from rushing for the nearest doctor by Miss Sawbones somewhat scornfully assuring him that she had only a slight sore throat.)

A Long Branch letter says of the pretty ladies: "There are many guilty of the foolishness of burying their jewelry in the sand, feeling sure that they will recognize the spot. Miss Ferguson, one of the prettiest girls at the United States Hotel, stowed away a bracelet set with pearls and a couple of rings in this manner last Saturday. They have not been found yet. This morning a young lady from the Ocean House went in bathing with a locket and chain on. The locket contained a portrait of her betrothed, and when on coming out, she found it had gone, she went into hysterics on the beach, and all the water on hand and a flask from a kind-hearted old gentleman would not soothe her."

Clara Belle writes of a pretty girl-wife at Saratoga: "She wore a dress quite low in the back, and was ravishingly pretty. While she danced her venerable spouse sat out on the veranda smoking and chatting with a circle of men—old and young. Suddenly she ran out to him, put her hands on his knees, bent her head into his lap, and said, in the tone of a child to a parent, 'Please scratch my back.' The old fellow thrust his hand down the back of her dress a little, clawing her soft skin with his brown, wrinkled fingers. 'A little to the other side,' she said; 'there—that's the spot. Thank you.' And she ran back to her waltz partner, totally unconscious of the sensation she had caused among the male spectators."

London *Globe* says: "Judges of lace point out that the difference between the real article and the machine made imitation is that the former has faults and flaws and blemishes. Monotonous perfection is sometimes intolerable, even in a woman. We all admit the superiority of the Japanese in taste, and we know that one of its charms is its oddness. Its patterns are not in the middle of its plates, and it seems to delight in crookedness and eccentricity. As it is in china, so it is in dress. There is a wild civility sometimes in a careless shoestring, and a sweet disorder is more bewitching than elaborate preciseness. But an inveterately tidy woman—and there are such—is at least better than a male martinet. She suffers, but she does not make you suffer. She corrects, but she does not reproach. She is grieved, but not aggrieved; she is a victim, but not a martyr. If she is fretted by small cares she is saved from great anxieties. It is one of the advantages of being a pint measure that it can never be called upon to hold a quart."

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

Is the best Salve for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get Henry's Carbolic Salve as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

Buy the Improved Howe Scales—acknowledged the best made. Borden, Selleck & Co., General Agents, Chicago 13.

MONTEZUMA VALLEY.

In the Heart of the Rockies.

The Greatest Mineral Region of the World—Places Where a Man's Boot-heel Kicks Up a Day's Wages at Each Step—Indians the Only Bar to a Man's Becoming a Crœsus.

To the Editor of the Blade:

To penetrate beyond the Mancos in the San Juan to the Montezuma Valley in the month of March is an achievement not often credited to a newspaper correspondent, yet such I accomplished, and of what I saw I write you. To reach this plain, for such, in one sense of the word, it is, because the eye can see no obstacle to the westward to obstruct its vision, and simply runs by limit, and I construct it to the looking upon distant water, but the comparison would not hold good, from the fact that it's a down grade to the Pacific Ocean, the continental divide being, I should judge, about 200 miles east. The farthest point I reached is over 500 miles southwest of Denver—in Arizona. Exactness can't be given at this time.

In one of my former letters I gave you an account of the mining in the La Plata Mountains that are supposed will, in case of successful development pay tribute to Durango, the City which is expected by those directly interested will rival Denver, by reason of the extensive coal beds over 90 feet in thickness of strata, that are almost adjacent to the corporate limits, owned by that enterprising and unequaled corporation, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway, the rival of the Union Pacific, that no doubt ere a year, will have reached to the vicinity of where I now am on its way across the continent, and in less than 18 months by opening a new route to the seaboard, developing a new country that awaits an outlet, to pour into its mines and further westward fertile valleys, a population that ere many years will compete with the East for position and wealth. Now what have we to make this state of facts realities, here is the mineral wealth that so far has clearly been demonstrated, is an extension of that mineral belt running southwest from the great deposits of the mountains—no pocks of mineral here—it is in fissure veins, while farther north and northwest it is mainly in pockets or deposits, that are sent out from fissure veins, while in the South the same class of silver and gold continues until it reaches the placer fields, of which Humbolt has given the product at $32,000,000, while Shaw gives this estimate of gold and silver from American mines from 1492 to 1803 at about $5,750,000,000, which, including the booty which the Spaniards took from the natives, $5,250,000,000 was carried to Europe, or an average of $17,500,000 for 311 years, and yet the supply has been annually increased, and now new fields have opened that show the stratas of gold and silver formations continue on this longitudinal belt northward, until now our territories are sending forth more mineral than the world ever knew. Colorado in 1878 gave over $35,000,000 as its contribution to commerce in gold and silver alone, and has constantly increased ever since, to say nothing of New Mexico and Arizona, that will yet prove more of a surprise than even did the products of Colorado, if the Indians can only be get rid of, when the in-pouring into these two territories—New Mexico and Arizona—would be so great that the mineral development would be simply enormous; that the question soon would be, "What shall be done with the metals?" One who has not visited these localities can have no conceivable idea of the vastness of the resources these mineral belts can and will produce, and of their richness no one knows better than the Indians, who will not under any circumstances work, and by observation and personal experience with them out here, my sympathies with the "poor Indian" has largely partaken of the nature of all those who are compelled to watch by day and by night, to save their scalps. Not a second date we go unarmed. But I have digressed; to return to my subject. Were I to say to you that places are so rich in mining localities in Arizona that you can kick up with the toe of your boot in an hour more than any laboring man or skilled mechanic gets East per day, you might think it an exaggeration, but just remember the suggestion, and as soon as the Indians can be forced on to a reservation all I want for the balance of my life is one month's "panning" from the places I have named, in the hopes I can get back to them. It is sure death for any one to try to take mineral from this section now. The Indians are continually on your track and have been on ours ever since we got in here. Well knowing the fate of Mitchell, and others, we do not dare carry anything away. The Indians rob us all, and then they think you have come for gold or silver and can find out that that is what you are after, you can make calculation to die quickly. To get through, you have got to play ignorant of all discoveries and give a reasonable excuse for your visit, and one that your interpreter can satisfy them with, besides submit to indignities in the examination of your outfits, and person.

Why we should these Indians now at pleasure and prevent the settling and developing of this beautiful and extended plain, as well as the developing of the mineral in the mountains, is a policy of the Government's that I can't understand. Here is what would afford labor for hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of workmen. Most of the land near the streams in past centuries has been peopled by agriculturalist as is evidenced by the adobe and ruins remnant of houses near the river bottom, while next back of them is the agricultural lands, are still visible some dwellings, and up high on the mountain sides, where it is almost impossible to climb, are cliff houses that show commendable skill in masonry and far superior to the work of the nomadic savages that occupied this country since their departure.

Of these mountains, I may say, like the old man of his twin boys "they are of one age, but mighty various in size and character." So far as I have been able to observe, I conclude that the vast mountain chain east of me, and which I carefully examined, was upheaved simultaneously, and hence are of the same age and very similar in character, although at first sight some apparent diversities in different localities occur. The whole range is of the metamorphic class of rocks. On all the divides or backbone of the range, occurs the granite, mostly of the "Syenitic" character, and, lying close to it the mica schists, sometimes gneiss, then limestone folds around the "mother rock" which, by virtue of the contact, is changed into marble, as fine as the product of Carrara. Then in many hills, gypsum, and slate formations are found lying at every angle (from the horizontal to the vertical) up against the granite rocks, showing unmistakable evidence of a great upheaval.

I have not seen anything so far to warrant the belief that volcanos existed in this range apart from the great upheaval which raised the mountains. In leaving the metamorphic rock where limestone, sandstone, etc., begins the formation is evidently of recent origin probably of the Cretaceous or Jurassic periods. (If our Ohio geologists doubt this let them come and see for themselves.) As there is a dearth of fossils in these rocks, it is somewhat difficult to give them their place in the great Book of Nature, of which they form a part, in as perfect order of the numbered leaves in a book. The presence of glaciers at a former period is a well attested fact, especially above the timber line, where the rock is formed of debris and vegetable growth. The striæ, or scratching, made in the solid rock by these huge mountains of ice, crushing, grinding and channeling out the gulches, gorges and water courses of the rivers form a letter left by them written in unmistakable characters with an indelible pen. Through the canyons and gorges leading from the mountains the rivers often pour perpendicular for 2,000 to 3,000 feet, especially where mica, schist and quartzites are the walls.

Down on the sedimentary the country is comparatively level, sloping to the west and southwesterly direction to where I now am, and on which grows most luxuriously the sweet, nutritious grasses peculiar to high table lands, with an abundance of spruce timber in groves here and there. At the altitude of about 9,000 feet the spruce gives way and pine takes its place. On these mesa game is abundant, consisting of deer, mountain sheep, elk, bear and a few antelope. The streams have nice trout that are more delicious than any of the Lake fish. The most favorable formation for mineral veins is the granite; they show more distinctly in this rock than than any other, can be traced for a longer distance, and show larger bodies of ore. This is a good field for exploration and no doubt will develop well, paying amply he who first sinks his shaft to a rich find.

Living in this section of the country is enormously high, but wages keep pace for those who care to labor. The most of those visiting the mineral belt east of this expect to find a mine at once, or are not content, hence it is not an unfrequent occurrence to find a prospect hole started and abandoned and some one else comes along occupies the claim, and soon makes a success in working it. No doubt there will be a large influx of people as far as Durango and the La Plata Mountains, as soon as the railroad reaches that place which is promised by May 1, but if pressure by August 1, the company will accomplish additional wonders, for the D. & R. G. company are certainly one of the most progressive, enterprising roads in this country. What it has accomplished in climbing mountains and pioneering the points which are likely to produce freight in return are simply marvelous. Of this road's achievements, they are worthy of being well written as matters of history, aside from any other consideration, but this letter is long enough, and in my next I will give you the facts as to just what may be expected of this section of country, and how to reach it, when to come, and what to bring.

S.

SWINDLERS

At Work Among the Indiana Farmers—Latest Dodge of the Confidence Gentry to Dupe the Unsuspecting Granger.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 5.—This City seems to be the headquarters of a number of scoundrels engaged in swindling the unsuspecting and covetous Grangers throughout the State. They deal mostly in patent right frauds of various kinds, from pitchforks to machines of more value on the farm. The farmers have often been warned against these gentry by the press but they readily change their tactics and assume all sorts of pleasant forms for entrapping the unwary, and scarcely a day passes that some countryman is not made the victim of the wicked wiles of the ubiquitous scamps. The latest heard of is a gang who go about selling an alleged seeding machine, and these have victimized a number of people. The *Enquirer* reporter has been shown a copy of an exceedingly ingenious document which these fellows use in their operations, and by means of which they have caught more than one who thought himself entirely too sharp to be be duped by any City sharp. The reader is hereby presented with a fac-simile of the "contract" drawn by these patent seeding machine fellows, which they induce farmers to sign, and which shortly afterward turns up as a plain note of hand in the possession of some paper-shaver in his neighborhood who has purchased the same of the swindlers. It is as follows:

Indianapolis, Ind., ..., 1881.

One year after date I promise to pay John Smith or order, Three Hundred and Twenty five Dollars for value received, at six per cent. per annum, ... Dollars worth of Patent Seeding Machines said Thirty Dollars when due, to be payable at Indianapolis, Ind. Sole Agent for ..... Company.

The swindlers go to a well to do farmer and tell him he has been recommended as a good man to sell their machines, and ask him to become their agent. He is persuaded that they sell rapidly, and that he can make a large per cent. profit. He is told that he will not be expected to risk any money or pay anything until he has sold $325 worth of the machines. He is induced to sign the contract above given, which, it will be seen, sets forth this agreement when read straight across. I looks fair and innocent enough and soon the farmer, typified in the foregoing document as John Smith, puts his name in the blank space just before the words "Sole Agent for ——— Company." Afterwards the scamps easily change the document from a contract to sell into a promissory note by tearing off that part to the right of the line drawn through the agreement as printed. In the original presented to the farmers of course no line appears, and it is given here simply to show where the division takes place, and the separation at which point so radically changes the nature of the document. It will be seen at a glance that this is liable to deceive any one without close inspection, and a number of Indiana farmers have been cheated with them this Summer. The last heard of the gang they were operating extensively in Bartholomew County. After the farmers' notes get into the hands of "innocent purchasers" there is no recourse but to pay them off, as they cannot well go back on the signatures.

STAR SHINGLES.

What an Albany Man Said.

Detroit Free Press.

One of the lumber dealers in this State has for the past three years been supplying a dealer at Albany. For the first year everything went well, but at length the Albany man began to complain. He found shortage and culls in every carload sent him, and demanded discounts therefor, and this Spring it was impossible to please him. No matter how carefully lumber and shingles were culled and billed here, he was sure to write back that they were not up to the standard. Two weeks ago a car load of "star" shingles were sent him. The "star" shingle beats anything made in the country, and they know it at Albany as well as in Michigan, but as soon as the car arrived the dealer replied that he really must protest. The shingles were badly "clear butts," and he could not unload the car until assured of a discount of 25 cents per thousand.

The Michigander had suffered long, but the end was nigh. He had inspected every bunch of shingles on that car, and he made up his mind to go to Albany and inspect them over again. The dealer there had never seen him, and the Wolverine walked into his office as a would-be purchaser of some extra fine shingles.

"I've got exactly what you want," promptly replied the Albanian. "I've got a car load of Michigan 'stars' out here, which lay over any shingle you ever saw."

"Are they all perfect?"

"Every one of them."

"No culls in the center of the bunches?"

"I'll eat every cull you find. I got them from a Michigander who is as straight as the Ten Commandments, and he has never yet sent me a stick of second-class stuff. Come and see 'em."

The Wolverine quietly pulled out his business card and laid it on the desk.

The dealer took it up, read the name, and sat down on a stool with a queer feeling in his knees.

There was an awful silence as they glared at each other, and it was a full minute before the victim slowly extended his hand and hoarsely whispered:

"Did you ever see a man make such an infernal ass of himself? Shake!"

Why It Did Not Rain.

Wit and Wisdom.

Little Phil, a bright five-year-old, is afraid of thunder. During the recent hot spell his mother would remark, 'Oh, I pray for rain." One day when she said it Phil thus addressed her: "Oh, mamma, I will tell you why it don't rain. When I say my prayers, I des say, 'Please don't pay any 'tention to what mamma says, cos I am 'fraid of thunder.'"

"I'm All Played Out,"

is a common complaint. If you feel so get a package of Kidney Wort and take it, and you will at once feel its tonic power. It renews the healthy action of the kidneys, bowels and liver, and thus restores the natural life and strength to the weary body. It can now be had in either dry or liquid form, and in either way is always prompt and efficient in action.—*New Bedford Standard.*

THE JOCKEYS.

Some Revelations as to the Inside Workings of Racing Rings.

New York Star.

I like to talk with the jockeys when I go to the races, and often pick up odd bits of information from these queer specimens of humanity who live a life as much apart from that of ordinary men as if they belonged to a different race of beings. I do not mean that I pick up information about the races which I can use in betting. The jockeys are close-mouthed enough about such news, and, in fact, generally know less than the shrewd outsiders. They always bet; but they generally lose. They ride under orders, and it is a point, not only of honor but of business, not to tell each other what those orders are, even if they have a chance; for they are well watched by the owners and trainers, and are not trusted half so much as turf novelists would have us believe. But the jockeys know all about races which have been run, and can describe the tactics by which the prizes were won or lost with a graphic skill that makes the story of a race as interesting as that of a battle. They have their favorite horses, and if you can mount a jockey on a mare that he likes and that has a fancy for him you will almost double the horse's ordinary speed. I remember Black Abe, a Kentucky jockey, who used to take his horse by the mane and sail and apparently lift it ahead of its competitors when he neared the judges' stand in a close race. This was a trick, perhaps, but I have seen Black Abe do it a dozen times and always successfully.

One of the smallest jockeys on the turf let me into the secret of the disturbances at the Brighton Beach races, when that tiny jockey, Barrett, was recently expelled for pulling Malasine in a hest race. All the jockeys are indignant at this expulsion and declared that Barrett rode to orders and ought to be rewarded rather than punished for doing exactly what he had been told. My little interlocutor said that if the judges wanted the real culprit they knew where to find him. "He is the owner of Malasine"—continued the jockey—"but they haven't touch him, because he owns the Brighton Beach course and would turn them all out if they tried to turn him out." I don't know how true this is. It may be all jockeys' gossip; but the Jockey Club and the Turf Club ought to investigate such a state of affairs as are represented in this statement. That a 'skin' game was perpetrated is admitted; the people shouted it and the judges officially condemned it by expelling Barrett; but the idea that the owner should be at liberty to put up such jobs and defy public opinion, because he has the power to boss the track, is all nonsense. The Jockey Club has influence enough to shut up Brighton Beach, if its proprietor is at fault, and there should be an immediate investigation of the affair.

My jockey acquaintance is a little chap, with a body like a 12 year old child and a head and face like a man of 50. I drew him still further into conversation with the aid of a few coins and a cigar.

"Pretty good square track this, my little man," I remarked, "one always gets a show for his money here eh?"

The little chap leered up at me and growled: "Yes, a good show to lose it. Don't you want a "tip" on the next race?

I declined, but got deeper into his good graces, and at last he remarked, in strict confidence:

"Now, see here, I'll tell you what I know about this 'ere track if ye gimme your word and honor as a man and a sport that you'll never gimme me away."

"Isn't it safe to back the favorites?" I inquired.

Putting his index finger to the side of his nose, he replied:

"Sometimes—when it suits the owners and the gang that they should win."

"Then you mean that the best horse is often pulled and a poorer horse wins the race?"

"Now you've struck it exactly. I tell you I've seen mighty queer things done here; but, bless your soul, it's most wonderful how them pool boxes can make a bad hoss win. And then, you see, sometimes the amount of money put on a favorite hoss makes him so scared that he is afraid to show his nose in front at the finish."

"But," I asked, "wouldn't the jockeys be suspended?"

"Ha! ha! ha! that's very good," laughed the Lilliputian; "that's all fixed you know; and even if they sometimes make a show of honesty and suspend a jock, he gets well paid for it."

"A friend of mine," said I, "showed me a letter from one of your jockeys last week, advising him of the horses to bet against, and also the ones to bet on. Do the jockeys get straight tips like this often?"

"Hush! We sometimes hear what the Ring intends doing, and then go in and make a good haul."

"How about these disgraceful rows that take place here constantly? Have you seen many of them?"

"Well, I should smile. I guess I've been into every one of them; but that one was the very worst in which two Generals, or Senators, or Aldermen, or something, from New York were dragged into."

"Tell me all about it."

"Well, it all came about of some pickpockets who wanted to raise a muss so that they could work their racket. You know that the thieves are all in with the special police—but don't give me away for sayin' it or they'd murder me right off. Yes, sir, them 'specials,' as they call 'em, are a lot of pothouse loafers from the scums of Brooklyn, and some thief raised a cry that his ticker was stolen.

"Then the row began and some other thief grabbed an honest man and shouted, 'Here he is!' This was all the specials wanted, and they grabbed every one they came across, except the thieves, of course. My! but how they twirled them clubs and punched people with them."

"Well, how did Alderman Keenan get into the muss?"

"Yes, yes, that's his name. He had a young friend along, whom a thief got a hold of, and, while shoutin' 'here he is,' was a tryin' to rob him. The Alderman let the thief have one on the 'bugle,' and in a minit a dozen thieves and their friends, the 'specials,' were dancin' around him like wild Injuns. Every man with a watch chain or diamond studs near by was attacked by the gang. The Alderman struck out bravely, right and left, on the thieves' jaws."

"How did Mr. Gillespie come to have a hand in?" I inquired.

"Is he a short, stout, handsome man with a white hat?"

I admitted that when I had last seen the Hon. Peter these were his distinguishing traits, and the "jock" went on:

"That's him to a dot; he jumped into that crowd like a sea lion off a log, and whew! didn't he stir up them fellows. He lashed around like a whale in shallow water and hats, clubs, coat tails and claret was a flyin' around in all directions. The hull thing lasted about 10 minnits, but there were two many 'specials' and several respectable gentlemen was collared. They was kept in custody until the thieves got away, and then was released."

"Then," I remarked, "this is not exactly a nice place to frequent?"

"Oh, yes; it's a beautiful spot to enjoy a good fight, or get your watch stolen, or—but I must be off; it's my mount next, and don't you put a cent on me this time." And the little chap ambled off, leaving me to reflect on the morality of the turf.

A Tough Story.

A gamecock near Rome, Ga., which was carried off by a bald eagle recently, was distinctly heard to crow while in the eagle's clutches. Three days afterward the rooster came home again, apparently little the worse for his adventure.

Guiteau could never sleep at proper hours, cursed with abnormal activity, his nerves were always on the qui vive. Could he have had the soothing benefit of Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, his wretched brains would not have raged with improper fancies.

DAN. RICE AND HIS WIVES

The Once Famous Showman Again in a Divorce Suit.

His Last Wife, Whom He Knew When She Was a Baby and He a Clown, Suing to be Rid of Him.

Erie (Pa.) Herald.

Dan Rice, the famous circus man and clown, was in the city this week. There was a time when an announcement like this would have set this section of the woods on fire and every boy in the land would have been wild with joy, but that time has passed; and yet, perhaps there is no man living who would be so generally recognized unannounced as Dan Rice. His appearance in Erie yesterday, accompanied by his attorney, excited some curiosity on the part of a *Herald* representative, who investigated the matter and learned with much regret that the cause of the troubled expression over the great showman's usually jolly appearing phiz was caused by domestic complications—that his wife had commenced suit for divorce on the ground of desertion.

Dan's domestic affairs have been like the proverbial true love. That the present wife is his second spouse is so generally known that it is hardly worth while stating it. The subject of this sketch went into the show business when very young, and, it is said, met his first wife there as an actress and there married her. They lived very happily together for several years, and were the best known people in the United States, but a cloud came over their domestic relations one day when Dan's show was in this City, the result of which a divorce was granted Mrs. Rice from the Erie County Courts. The divorced Mrs Dan Rice did not leave the country and die of melancholy, but she soon afterward found one whom she thought to be more worthy of her, and she became a Mrs Warner.

With the latter husband she lived very agreeably till his death a few years ago. Since then she has continued to abide in Girard, and is said to be a very estimable woman. The fruit of the first union was two girls, one of whom is now the wife Charles Reed, an equestrian of world wide fame, and is now traveling in Europe. The second daughter married Capt A. C. Wurzback, of a noble German family, and is now living in Girard. Dan was at this time in the heydey of his glory, and he was worth thousands of dollars where his competitors were worth hundreds. His family troubles did not bear down very hard upon him, for the same year in November, he wooed and wed Miss Rebecca McConnell, a charming young lady, and the daughter of Henry McConnell, a deacon in Girard Presbyterian Church and President of the Girard National Bank.

The parents of the young lady were in no wise favorable to the match, which they considered quite unequal in point of social station and age. The union so exactly dissatisfied the father of the young lady that he went so far as to disinherit her, though she was his only child. The property, however, which was quite an extensive one, was to go to the heirs. All opposition to the suit of the gallant showman availed not, for the fates had decided it otherwise. Dan used frequently to relate that he saw his present wife in her nurse's arms at a show in which he was interested, and which exhibited in Girard along about 1845. In this exhibition was a circus play of "The Sultan's Hall in the Desert," in which Dan was the hero.

The exhibition of the bespangled camels and Dan's gorgeousness so delighted the little one that it attracted his attention and from that time on, though he was a married man, he regarded the child as it developed into girlhood with a special interest. After the second marriage, Dan continued to prosper, and he built a residence in Girard which, with its surroundings, must have cost him anywhere from $100,000 to $200,000. The barn was the best in this section of the State; the conservatory was the best in the County; the elegant residence was surrounded by rare shrubbery and costly statues of figures and animals, and his house was supplied with every luxury and convenience, that wealth could secure.

Dan continued to be a great man until 1873, when the news was telegraphed to all quarters of the globe that Dan. Rice had gone into bankruptcy. No one could understand it, but that was the beginning of his downfall. He continued to make Girard his headquarters, and the death of his wife's father had conciliated matters to such an extent that after his elegant mansion had been disposed of he and his wife went to dwell under the paternal roof. During the show season Dan. continued to struggle on. With his ill luck and the departure of his worldly possessions there came a coldness over his soul and his family, then consisting of his wife and a boy—his very image—did not seem to have the charms for him as before. As a consequence of all this comes the suit for divorce.

It is said that Mrs. Rice has left Girard on a visit, and that her husband is unable to find her at the present time; also, that he is endeavoring to see her for the purpose of a reconciliation. Gossip says that Mrs. Warner and the last Mrs. Rice have always been on good terms, and have visited each other.

His last enterprise is a small show which he is exhibiting to-day at Albion. At one time, and that was when Dan came to Girard, he owned an Opera House in New Orleans that cost $100,000.

He really commenced his career as a jockey boy for Henry Clay. During his career his generosity knew no bounds. Among his many donations was one of $1,000 to the First M. E. Church of Girard. He built a soldiers' monument which will be lasting to his memory in Girard, which cost $3,000. Though now about 60, he is said to be one of the finest extempore speakers in the land, and is unexcelled as a clown.

Good Mother Train Good Husbands.

Mrs. Craik, in her "Sermons Out of Church," gives this leaf out of her experience, and one to which many of us can bear witness:

The best husbands I ever met came out of a family where the mother, most heroic and self denying woman, laid down the absolute law, "Girls first." Not in any authority; but first to be thought of, as to protection and tenderness. Consequently, the chivalrous care which these lads were taught to show to their own sisters naturally extended itself to all women. They grew up true gentlemen—gentlemen, generous, unexacting, courteous of speech and kind of heart.

In them was the protecting strength of manhood, which scorns to use its strength except for protection; the proud honesty of manhood, which infinitely prefers being lovingly and openly resisted to being "twisted round one's finger," as mean men are twisted, and mean women will always be found ready to do it; but which, I think, all honest men and brave women would not merely dislike, but utterly despise.

Testing the Sun's Heat.

Brooklyn Eagle.

A remarkable instrument, invented by the distinguished Californian astronomer, Professor Langly, and called the bolometer, is about to be employed in the course of some experiments to determine the amount of the sun's heat. The summit of Mount Whitney has been selected as the most favorable spot for making these experiments, and a party of 12 persons under the lead of the Professor are now *en route* for that point from San Francisco. The extraordinary quality of the bolometer is its extreme sensitiveness to solar heat, and an idea of its delicacy may be formed from the statement that the Professor expects by means of it to determine the radiant energy of each separate ray in the spectrum of the sun.

Thousands of ladies to-day cherish grateful remembrances of the help derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, it positively cures all female complaints. Send to Mrs Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

A SULTANA'S MARRIAGE.

The Nuptials of One of the Turkish Imperial Brides With an Aide-de-Camp of Low Degree.

The following description of the recent marriage of Naile Sultana, one of the imperial brides, was furnished to the London Standard by an English lady who was an invited guest:

"On our arrival at the house, a large building situated up a steep, narrow street not far from Dolma Baghtche Palace, we were ushered by half a dozen eunuchs through an ante-room, in which lounged a few attendants, into a fine apartment crowded with slaves. There we were requested to wait as the Sultana had not yet completed her toilet, coffee and cigarettes being placed before us to while away the time. We were just beginning to tire of watching the throng, when the star without proclaimed the coming of the bridegroom a man of 24 years of age, short and inclined to stoutness, but not wanting in a certain comeliness. Naile Sultana had herself chosen him at the Friday's selamlik. This power of selecting a husband, by inspection as it were, is a privilege of princesses of the house of Othman, and is carried to such an extent that even if the favored gentleman already possesses a wife he must divorce her and wed the Sultana. Cases of this kind are rare; but one at least has occurred during the latter half of the present century, when an officer was compelled, much against his will, to comply with the custom. Being rich, however, he sought consolation in keeping his discarded love in a separate establishment, a proceeding which is supposed never to have reached the ears of his royal partner. In the present instance, on the contrary, Mehemet Bey was quite ready to embrace the chance which fortune offered him. Poor and without interest, a simple side de-camp, uncertain of promotion, he suddenly finds himself the husband of his sovereign's sister, a General and highness to boot. His appearance was the signal for a frantic rush, to which he responded by scattering quantities of silver piasters (in olden days they would have been golden lires) among the slaves. The bridegroom having passed into the Sultana's presence, the ceremony of marriage was immediately performed, but only witnessed by the Sultana's mother. It merely consisted in the Imam tying them together with a rope and declaring them man and wife. Directly this was over, Mehemet Pacha escaped by a side entrance to avoid being mobbed and buffeted according to the common practice of the slaves, who must have been appeased by unlimited backsheesh. As soon as the doors were thrown open the whole mob poured helter skelter into the inner chamber, where the bride was sitting in state, with a sister by her side. All the slaves, and also the few American ladies who had been invited, bent humbly down and kissed the hem of her garment, but with us she shook hands without rising, and motioned us to chairs very near her. A fair, sweet-faced woman of some 22 summers is Naile Sultana. She was dressed in a loose-fitting Turkish robe of rose colored silk slashed with gold, while a long, white gauze veil, likewise embroidered with gold, drooped down from behind the little cap that surmounted her tightly drawn up hair. On her shapely hands and bosom sparkled magnificent diamonds. Her single button gloves had burst in fastening, and altogether her toilet was far less perfect and rich than we expected. Throughout there have been no amusements beyond a band playing European music in the courtyard. The whole affair was a confession of the economy now necessarily reigning at the palace.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Chicago is enforcing a $10 fine against all who throw banana skins on the sidewalk.

A Boston critic explains that a certain vocalist sings badly "because his heart is too big and crowds his lungs."

A visitor to Washington Irving's grave writes to the New York *Evening Post* that vandalism has defaced the tombstone "so that all the corners have been utterly disfigured."

Over a little shop in the east end of the city there is a sign which reads: "Satan died here," by which the owner intends, as we discovered, to indicate that satins are dyed at his shop.

A new kind of railroad car in use on several Western lines has five staterooms, built so that on the opposite side there is room for tiers of single berths. Each room has its own toilet appurtenances.

The intelligent Japanese Consul says to a reporter: "Don't fear intrusion from our working people. We have none to spare. We send only scholars to learn your improved methods in manufactures."—*Letter from San Francisco.*

New Orleans is described by the *Times* as follows: "The great City lies like a huge, fat carcass stretching in the July sun, and the buzzards tear, and devour, and croak, and claw, each buzzard greedy to get all he can from the next buzzard." The buzzards are City politicians.

Yesterday morning, says a Nevada journal, the Rev. Willis offered the Lord's prayer in the Senate. When he had finished, Doolin leaned over to Hammond and remarked: "He stole that prayer, and I'll bet on it. I heard the same idea expressed in Eureka at a funeral over five years ago."

A writer in the Dublin *Review* says: "I remember seeing, a few days after the battle of Worth, a party of German infantry paraded for guard duty. One of the men had his accouterments out of order, upon which the inspecting officer slapped his face." And yet the mea thus treated want to emigrate.

Mormonism has been making rapid progress in Georgia of late. Two Mormon missionaries have been working industriously in White County for 12 months. The community is isolated and inhabited by densely ignorant people. If the law does not interfere the people of the northern part of the State threaten to drive out the apostles of lust.

Mehamed Bagair Ali, a Persian, Wednesday declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States. He is the first native Persian who ever sought naturalization in this country. He is 46 years old, and was born at Maschid, in the province of Khorassan. He has been about six years in New York, and is a dealer in jewels.

The Erie (Pa.) *Dispatch* tells of a Chinaman of that city who has gone back to his native land a millionaire—that is, he has saved enough in washing shirts to give him about the same moneyed status in China as Wm. L. Scott enjoys in Erie. The *Dispatch* concludes: "Altogether his six years' sojourn in Erie has been most satisfactory. He has saved over $2,500, can speak fair English for a Chinaman, can play euchre, has acquired catarrh, and goes back a Free-Will Baptist. Could an American in China hope to accomplish more in the same time?"

Mr. John I. Blair, of Blairstown, N. J., is the railroad king of that State, his wealth being reputed to be somewhere between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000, chiefly in Western railroads. Mr Blair is a lively gentleman of 81 years, and appears to be good for many more, being

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to afford our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and equations.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the publishers, from or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of this establishment entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf ... ers containing subscription or orders ... pooks. Letters in which to this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

S. H. W., Clark Mountain, Tex.: The battle of Winchester was fought June 19, 1863.

Mr. O. S. P., Salgertown, Pa.: Write to the Scientific American, New York City, for information.

E. W., Laporte, Ind.: From what we can learn, real estate is nearly everywhere increasing in price.

A. G. D., New Bedford, Ill.: Tracy's Handbook of Law is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

C. W. G., Marion, O.: Address Commissioner of Immigration, Nashville, Tenn. Your other questions were recently answered in this department.

A. F., Geneva, Ill.: Address D. Appleton & Co., New York City. We do not know the price of the books. We cannot advise you as to the trade you should choose.

T. E. Co.'s Mill, Ill.: We do not know where you can procure a "cheap copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." Occasionally one can be found at a second hand book store.

N. D. L., Milford, O.: A large number of inquiries visit the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and no doubt some derive benefit. We should think September or October would be the best time to visit them.

J. E. G., Poplar Corner, Mo.:

Where and when was the first Jewish synagogue erected in the United States?

In 1733, in Savannah, Georgia. There were 40 in the party, and an effort was made to have Oglethorpe expel them from the colony, but he declined to molest them.

J. W. Richardsville, Pa.:

1. Is the exact length to be cut across the Isthmus of Panama? 2. Give an account of the Camosa Urso, noted for skill with the fists.

1. It will no doubt be done in time. 2. We are no account of her life.

C. C., Springfield, Ill.:

1. Who was the first mail route established in the United States?

In 1672 between Boston and New York. The round trip was to be made once a month. The postage was 6 sterpence for each letter carried not more than 60 miles, and 1 sixpence for each additional 100 miles.

J. B. H., Caleb, O.:

1. Suppose a person to write a school text book, say, for instance, an English grammar, could such book be republished from any text-book without permission from the author, or could he make a rule, etc., or statement from any author without infringing? 2. Where can I get a treatise respecting the privileges of a writer of text books or any other class of reading matter?

1. No. 2. Write to the Librarian of Congress, enclosing 10 cents.

A. C. V., New Tacoma, Wash. Ter.:

In how many States and Territories are one cent coins in circulation and why are they not in general circulation in Washington Territory?

The one cent coins are supposed to circulate in all the States and Territories. If they do not circulate in Washington Territory it is probably for the reason that the business of the Territory has not demanded their use.

A. J. F., Fletcherville, Ind.:

Who were the first to remonstrate against slavery in the United States?

The German Friends were the first to publicly remonstrate against it, which they did at Germantown, Pa., in 1688, in a paper setting forth the unlawfulness of "traffic in menbody," and claiming that there was no more liberty to do it in the case of negroes than in the case of white people.

F. C. B., Energy, Mo.: The following is a recipe for a fine black writing ink: Aleppo galls, 2 lbs; sulphate of iron (copperas), 4 lbs; gum arabic, 2½ lbs; water, 18 gallons, the bruised galls to be exhausted by three successive boilings, each time with a reduced quantity of water, and while warm the solution of gum and copperas, also warm, is to be added, and the mixture left for several weeks to deposit its sediment. A few drops of creosote added to it will prevent its moulding.

J. W. J., Beloit, Kan.:

Who are the Indians, and how is it supposed they came to this country?

This question has never been satisfactorily answered. There are many theories, but none have been generally accepted by historians. While language fails to connect them with any Asiatic families their modes of life and implements are enough to connect them with all the earlier races of the Eastern continent whose relics are found in mounds and shell heaps.

Young Reader, Nashville, Wis.:

What was the origin of the Tammany Society in New York?

It was organized in 1789 for charitable purposes only. An Irishman named William Mooney was the leader in its formation. The Society took its name from a Delaware chief, renowned for his great age and virtue. In the course of years it became identified with the Democratic party. Tweed's connection with it nearly caused its dissolution, but it still controls to a great extent the politics of the city.

F. W. M., Duncansville, Pa.:

1. Please give a short sketch of the life of Roscoe Conkling. 2. What is Parnell's religion?

1. Born in Albany in 1828; received a good education and adopted the profession of the law; in 1859 appointed District Attorney for Oneida County; in 1858 elected Mayor of Utica, to which place he had removed in 1846; at the close of 1858 elected to the 35th Congress; re-elected to the 37th and 38th; chosen Senator in 1867, where he served until his resignation a few months ago. 2. Protestant.

M. W. O., Sunrise City, Minn.:

What are the agencies that produce petroleum springs, pitch lakes etc.?

Springs of which the waters contain a mixture of petroleum, and the various minerals allied to it, as bitumen, naphtha, asphaltum and pitch, are very numerous, and are, in many instances, doubtless connected with subterranean fires which set free the more subtile parts of the bituminous matters contained in the rocks. It is probable that the great pitch lake of Trinidad owes its origin to a similar cause.

W. C. R., Tiffin, Ohio.:

Please tell me where the military schools are located and their address. I desire a letter to get the terms of the schools.

Next to West Point rank the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, and the Kentucky Military Institute, Frankfort. The University at Norwich, Vt., and several colleges are under a part of military organization. The Michigan Military Academy would probably suit you, address Lieut. G. R. Cecil, Orchard Lake, Mich.

P. D. S., Rapids Center, Minn.:

What salary do members of Parliament receive?

Members of Parliament receive no salary. The cost of an election to Parliament is always considerable, and at times immense sums of money are spent in close elections. Persons become candidates for the honor of it. It has happened in the cases of some of the greatest statesmen of Great Britain that they were brought out by prominent men, and their election expenses paid by their patrons.

A. F. C., Pleasant Lake, Ind.:

1. There has been some controversy in regard to the largest whale that was ever caught. Will the BLADE please inform us on the subject? 2. Is a widow entitled to a pension for the loss of a son in the late war?

The largest Greenland or right whale sometimes attain the length of 80 feet, the sperm whale 75 feet, and the "razor back," a worthless species, is reported to be sometimes of greater size. No record of larger ones being caught is at hand. 2. If the widow was dependent on her son for her support she would be entitled to a pension.

A. M. G., Vandalia, Ill.:

Who was the first governor or head man of the Plymouth Colony?

John Carver, an Englishman. He left his country for the sake of religion, and established himself at Leyden, whence he was sent to effect a treaty with the Virginia Company concerning territory in North America. He obtained a patent in 1619 and proceeded in the "Mayflower" with 101 colonists. When they arrived at Plymouth Carver was unanimously elected Governor. He died within four months after landing, and his wife survived him only six weeks.

N. R. C., Circleville, Tex.:

Did Hamilton's son fight a duel? If so, who was his opponent?

Alexander Hamilton's eldest son, Philip, was killed by G. I. Eaker in a duel which occurred in 1802. One writer in describing the duel in which the great Hamilton fell, says: "At the first fire Hamilton fell mortally wounded, on the same spot where, a short time previously, his eldest son had been killed in a duel." The trouble which terminated in the death of young Philip Hamilton grew out of political differences and conflicts which arose after the death of Washington, and which finally culminated in the killing of Hamilton by Aaron Burr.

J. H. M., Rockbridge, Ill.:

1. To the children of an alien who has declared his intention to become a citizen, but dies before receiving his naturalization papers, become citizens without taking out papers?

Section 2,168 of the Revised Statutes of the United States declares that "When any alien, who has complied with the first condition specified in section 2,165, dies before he is actually naturalized, the widow and children of such alien shall be considered as citizens of the United States, and shall be entitled to all rights and privileges as such upon taking the oaths prescribed by law." The children in such a case are not citizens until they have taken the oaths of renunciation and allegiance.

D. H., Bristol Station, Ill.:

Who was Dred Scott, and what was the Dred Scott decision so frequently referred to?

Dred Scott was a Missouri slave, who had lived for four years with his master in Illinois, and afterward for a while in Minnesota. He was taken back to Missouri, and being whipped by his master, brought suit for assault, pleading that he had become free by having lived in the free States. He won his case in the Missouri Court. It was appealed to the United States Supreme Court in 1857, where the decision was that negroes were things or chattels, and "had no rights which white people were bound to respect."

Mary, Wauseon, O.:

Please give me a good recipe for tomato catsup.

Take a bushel of tomatoes, cut them in small pieces, boil until soft, then rub them through a wire sieve, add two quarts of the best cider vinegar, one pint of salt, one quarter pound of whole cloves, one-quarter pound of allspice, one tablespoon full of black pepper, one good-sized pod of red pepper, (whole) and five heads of garlic. Mix together and boil until reduced to one half the quantity. When cold strain through a cullender, and bottle, sealing the corks. It will keep two or three years as fresh as when first made.

E. D. Lucas, Ia.:

1. Was Palestine ever a barren waste and uninhabited, and if so, how long? 2. Do they have rains more frequent than formerly to make the country fertile? 3. Is Jerusalem growing any in population? 4. What difference is there between liquid measures in this country and England?

1. No; it has been inhabited from the earliest historical times. 2. It is probably the same as it always has been, having a mild and steady climate, with a rainy season in the latter part of Autumn, Winter and a dry and rainless season constituting the balance of the year. 3. It is about at a stand still. 4. They are the same.

H. S., Abilene, Kan.:

1. Where was Gen. Mulligan killed? Please give particulars. Also, some thing of his past life. 2. What was the Cincinnati *Times* politically in '60 and '61? Was that or any other press destroyed in Cincinnati by soldiers during the war?

1. He was killed in a skirmish with Gen. Early near Martinsburg, Virginia, July 24, 1864. Early drove the Union forces back from Winchester, routing them, and killing, wounding and capturing 1,500 men. When a Colonel, in 1861, Mulligan defended Lexington, Mo., but was captured by an overwhelming force. 2. The Cincinnati *Times* was always Republican in politics. It was never destroyed by soldiers during the war.

S. H. G., Vienna, Wash. Ter.:

Why do coal beds sometimes take fire? What causes explosions and fire-damps?

Their ignition is ascribed to the decomposition of sulphuret of iron, contained in the coal. The combustion goes on very slowly at a certain depth, because there is mostly a deficient access of air. Explosions in coal mines are caused by the gas, as it is called, becoming liberated from the coal beds, and accumulating in cavities, where it mixes with atmospheric air, and forms a highly explosive compound. This mixture becoming ignited fearful explosions ensue, often blowing up parts of the mines and burying everything in ruins. These are the dreadful fire damps, which from 1837 to 1842 killed or crippled some 9,000 workmen in the pits of England, France and Belgium.

S. E. F., Huntsville, Ala.:

1. Give a short sketch of the life of Lycurgus. 2. What will keep rust out of the inside of gun barrels? 3. What wages does a good shorthand writer get? 4. Is there any inducement for a young man to learn civil engineering? 5. Can a good civil engineer generally get work at good wages?

1. There is nothing certainly known regarding Lycurgus, the Spartan. According to Herodotus, he lived about 900 B. C., and the tradition in regard to him is that he became guardian to his nephew, King Labotes, and under his rule the Spartans became from the most lawless of the Greeks tranquil and prosperous. Another account says that he was the 11th in descent from Hercules, and being accused of ambitious designs, left Sparta and went to Crete and Italy, where he is said to have obtained a copy of the Homeric papers, and some authors report that he conversed with Homer himself. Lycurgus, the Attic orator, was born in Athens, 396 B. C., where he held important offices, and was so impartial in the administration of justice that he caused his own wife to be fined for violating one of his sumptuary enactments. He was one of the 10 orators whose surrender was demanded by Alexander, but the people of Athens refused to give him up. He died 323 B. C. 2. Try coal oil. 3. From $10 to $50 per week. 4. Yes, there is always room "at the top." 5. Not always.

J. S. M., Creswell, Col.:

Please give some account of the "Alabama," where built, how captured, etc.

The "Alabama," built and manned by British aid and authority for Capt. Semmes, was the most formidable ship ever fitted out for privateering. Semmes carried no flag, and when once on the track of a prize he would secure it by any means. At the beginning of 1864 Confederate cruisers had captured 193 American merchant vessels, and had practically destroyed American commerce. For more than two years the "Alabama" pursued her work. Finally in June, 1864, she cast anchor in the harbor of Cherbourg, France. Informed of the fact by the American Consul to France, Capt. Winslow appeared with the "Kearsarge" in the English channel, from the Dutch harbor of Flushing. The "Alabama" pushed out and offered battle. The "Kearsarge" lured her out seven miles and then opened a most effective fire. Struck several times by an 11-inch gun, the "Alabama" ran up the white flag, when firing ceased. Then the "Alabama" commenced firing again, and steered for neutral waters, but she was soon brought to by a few well-directed shots, which sunk her. The "Kearsarge" rescued a number of the men on board of the sinking vessel, and the "Deerhound," which had come out professedly to see the battle, saved the remainder. The "Deerhound" took Semmes and his officers to England, where they were entertained with all the pomp and glory of heroes.

T. K., Toledo, O.:

Did Horace Greely ever attain prominence as a literary man? Was it not only as a politician that he was known to the public?

Greely was one of the best journalists this country ever produced. His first venture was the Morning *Post*, the first penny daily ever published. This was followed in 1839 by the *New Yorker*, a weekly paper devoted mainly to current literature. The paper continued seven years, but was never profitable. During the time he contributed also to the *Daily Whig* and *Jeffersonian*, the latter a political weekly published at Albany. In 1840 he edited the *Log Cabin*, which attained a circulation of 80,000 copies. In April, 1841, he issued the first number of the *Daily Tribune*, and in the autumn of the same year, the *Weekly Tribune*, now merged in it. With this journal he was closely identified during the remainder of his life, but he yet found time to pay some attention to other pursuits. His published volumes are: "Hints Toward Reforms," consisting mainly of lectures and addresses; "Glances at Europe," "History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension," "Overland Journey to San Francisco," "The American Conflict," (two volumes); "Recollections of a Busy Life," "Essays Designed to Elucidate the Science of Political Economy," and "What I Know About Farming." Reckoned either as a journalist, equipped to cut and thrust at a moment's warning, or as a calm, dispassionate reasoner, prepared to elaborate his views and clothe them in the flowers of rhetoric, Mr. Greely has had few equals in the literary field in the country.

J. N. G., Milliken's Bend, La.:

Please give a description of the Walled Lake of Iowa.

The following, from the Burlington (Ia.) *Hawkeye*, is the best description we have seen: "The greatest wonder in the State of Iowa, and perhaps in any other State, is called the Walled Lake, in Wright County, 12 miles north of the Dubuque & Pacific Railway, and 150 miles west of Dubuque City. The lake is two or three feet higher than the earth's surface. In some places the wall is 16 feet high, 15 feet wide at the bottom, and five feet wide at the top. Another fact is the size of the stones used in its construction, the whole of them varying in weight from three tons down to 100 pounds. There is an abundance of stone in Wright County, but surrounding the lake to the extent of five or 10 miles there are none. No one can form an idea of the means employed to bring them to the spot, or who constructed it. Around the entire lake is a belt of woodland half a mile in length, composed of oak. With this exception the country is a rolling prairie. The trees must have been planted there at the time of the building of the wall. In the Spring of 1856 there was a great storm, and the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers in the vicinity were obliged to repair the damages to prevent inundation. The lake occupies a ground surface of 2,800 acres; depth of water as great as 25 feet. The water is clear and cold; soil sandy and loamy. It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from or where it goes to; it is always clear and fresh."

J. S. E., Plummerville, N. C.:

Is Sing Sing a City? If so, when was it settled, and how did it come by that name?

Sing Sing was incorporated in 1813, and is now a place with about 5,000 inhabitants. The village itself is nearly 200 feet above the water, and the far famed prison is built very near the river. Sing Sing is a name of Indian origin, it is said, meaning "stone upon stone," or from Ossining, "a stony place." The place was settled in the seventeenth century. The town extends back from the river about a mile, and along the river for about two miles from north to south. There are Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Catholic churches, an academy over half a century in operation, a military and other schools, several newspapers, cotton gin and cotton-gin saw factories, saw-mower, steam engine, and other establishments. The prison is also there, completed in 1830, and since that time it has been enlarged to meet the wants of that part of the State. New York is almost entirely supplied with ice from the neighborhood, while Croton Lake, near by, contributes daily about 60,000,000 gallons of water to the supply of the Empire City. The water is conveyed from the lake, which is chiefly formed by a dam being built across it, through an aqueduct 33 miles long, right on to New York. The aqueduct is built of stone, brick, and cement, arched above and below, seven feet eight inches wide at the top, and six feet three inches at the bottom, the side walls being eight feet five inches high.

G. T. M., Deer Park, Ill.:

Why and where are there rainless regions?

Because heated columns of air, everywhere ascending, dissolve vapors, and disperse every approaching cloud. Because, also, in some countries mounts ranges condense the clouds, and deprive them of their moisture before they reach the arid districts. The coast of Peru is within the region of perpetual southeast trade winds. Though the Peruvian shores are on the verge of the great South Sea border, yet it never rains there. The reason is, that these winds in the Atlantic Ocean first strike the water on the coast of Africa. Traveling to the northwest they blow obliquely across the ocean until they reach the coast of Brazil. By this time they are heavily laden with vapor, which they continue to bear along across the continent, depositing it as they go, and supplying it with the sources of the Rio de la Plata and the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Finally, they reach the snow-capped Andes, and here it wrung from them the last particle of moisture which the very low temperature can extract. Reaching the summit of that range, they tumble down as cool dry winds on the Pacific slopes beyond. They reach the ocean before they again become charged with fresh vapor, and, before, therefore, they have any which the Peruvian climate can extract. The other rainless, or almost rainless regions, are the western coasts of Mexico, the deserts of Africa, Asia, North America and Australia. A rainless region prevails about the Red Sea, because it for the most part lies within the northeast trade wind region, and these winds, when they reach that region, are dry winds, for they have, as yet, in their course, crossed no wide sheets of water from which they could take up a supply of vapor.

John, San Juan, Wash. Ter.:

Will you publish something about the Kaffirs—where and how they live, etc?

They are the warlike nomadic tribes who inhabit or wander in the plains of Southern Africa. The name was first given to them by the Arab voyagers, who so termed all savage nations and all nations unconverted to Islam; from the Arabs it was adopted by the Portuguese and Dutch, and at last became a general appellation. In later times the Eastern people have been termed Kaffirs, to the exclusion of the Hottentots. They are a tall, well formed people, having regular features and well-developed foreheads, with skins varying from black to copper color, and crisp woolly hair like that of a negro. They are associated in large communities under chiefs or kings, living in towns of considerable size, which they occasionally move. Their clothing is scanty; the men wear mantles, and the females a more complete covering of tanned skins. They have considerable herds of cattle, and have fields and gardens, cultivating maize, millet, beans and watermelons. They make bread and beer, and manufacture earthenware out of sand and clay baked in fire. They are also acquainted with the use of iron and copper. They believe in a Supreme Being, to whom they give the appellation of Uhlunga. They believe in the immortality of the soul, but have no idea of a state of reward and punishment. They believe thunder to proceed from the agency of the Deity, and if a person has been killed by lightning they say that Uhlunga has been among them. On such occasions they sometimes remove from the spot and offer a heifer or an ox in sacrifice.

Jay, Grayssville, O.:

1. You gave an interesting description of the Academy at Anapolis. Please favor the writer and others by giving a similar description of the Academy at West Point. 2. Give H. W. Longfellow's address.

1. West Point is in Orange Co., N. Y., on the west bank of the Hudson River, 50 miles above New York City. The Point, itself, including a tract of mountain land adjoining it on the west and northwest, amounting altogether to 1,795 acres, was purchased by the United States from Stephen Moore, in 1790. An additional tract on the south was added in 1824. The entire domain contains 2,105 acres. The State of New York ceded its jurisdiction over a small portion of this area, embracing little more than the plain of West Point, in 1826. Upon this plain, which contains about 160 acres, and is about one mile in circuit are the principal buildings of the Academy. Its surface is 160 to 180 feet above the level of the river, with bold and rocky cliffs on the east and northeast, and on the north a more gentle declivity. It is closely flanked on the west by abrupt hills and mountain spurs, with altitudes varying from 500 to 1,500 feet. By the act of March 16 1802, fixing the military peace establishment, 30 cadets were attached to the artillery and 10 to the corps of engineers, and that corps was constituted a Military Academy and stationed at West Point. This was the beginning of the present Military Academy. The selection of the Superintendent was confined to the corps of engineers till the act of July 13, 1866, which opened it to the entire army. The officers of the Academy are the Superintendent, with five officers constituting his military staff; the commander of cadets and instructor of artillery, cavalry and infantry tactics, with six assistants; the professor of mathematics, eight assistants; professor of chemistry, mineralogy and geology, two assistants; professor of the Spanish language, two assistants; professor of philosophy, four assistants; professor of military and civil engineering, two assistants; professors or of law; chaplain and professor of ethics; instructor of practical military engineering, one assistant; instructor of ordnance and gunnery, one assistant; and sword master—total, 51. We have frequently given the steps necessary to gain admission, etc. The aggregate amount of money appropriated by the United States for the military Academy from 1802 to 1877, inclusive, was $11,89?,?5. The number of graduates for the same time was about 2,700, of whom 1,?20 are deceased. Of those surviving 800 are still in the army and about 700 out of service. 2. Cambridge, Mass.; but he is at present in Portland, Me.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1.25, dated at Leisening, Fayette Co., Pa., no name attached.

Letter containing $3, dated at Clinton, Mich., signed Albert Chase; no order as to what is wanted.

Letter containing $1, signed James P. Dunaway. Can't read address.

Will Philo Hayes, of Miles City, give his full postoffice address, and the matter in reference to check No. 785 will be looked up.

Letter containing 80 cents, signed by W. M. Barrow, P. M., to pay for BLADE for Reding Sutherland, no postoffice, County or State.

Will E. Hayes, P. M., give his full postoffice address and the date of receipt of the papers by B. F. Blanchard and J. Cowan will be looked into.

The Sunday School.

The Commandments.

LESSON 9, SUNDAY, AUGUST 28, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.—Matt. 22: 37, 38.

LESSON TEXT.

Exod. 20: 1-11.

1. And God spake all these words, saying,

2. I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

3. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

4. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.

5. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

6. And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

7. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

8. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

9. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work.

10. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt do no work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

11. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Seventh day and hallowed it.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

God spake all these words (v. 1)—If these were the words of Moses, they might be out of date when Moses was outgrown. But as they are God's words, they can never be out of date until God is outgrown. So long as God is God, what God says is to be heeded because God says it. Those who believe in Moses will be ready to do as Moses commanded. Those who believe in God will want to do as God commanded. So it is that our obedience is the test and the evidence of our faith.

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought the out of . . . bondage (v. 2.) God doesn't ask us to obey these commandments because of anything he will do for us if we do obey. He calls on us to obey them because of what he has done for us already. God has a right to our loving obedience. Aside from his right as our Creator and as our sovereign, he has done enough for us individually, soul by soul, to demand the utmost reach of our gratitude, and to make it our duty to find pleasure in doing anything and all things which he can ever ask us to do. Our greatest benefactor and our truest friend reminds us that it is himself—our greatest benefactor and our truest friend—who speaks these words to us. Ought there be any question of his having a reverent and loving hearing from us?

No other Gods before me (v. 3.) That is, No God in my presence; in sight of me. God will not share his sovereignty with any being. Even the Egyptians believed in the one Supreme God; but they had a great many other gods in the presence of God. It is a violation of this commandment to recognize any necessary helper of God, any supplement of God. And this is the commonest way of breaking this commandment in our day. There is no danger of breaking it through over-loving a fellow creature, through loving a child, or a wife or a parent, or a friend too dearly. It is a frightful error to suppose that. It is not possible for us to have too much love for any dear one whom God has given us. But it is impossible to think God's power must be supplemented by man's power, by man's influence, by man's wealth, by man's work. A pastor may lean on God—and a rich member of his congregation; but not without breaking the first commandment. A politician may think besides God's favor, he must have popular favor, to give him success. A business man may have it in his mind that public sentiment—even against what is right—must be yielded to in his business, although he believes in God as above all. A parent may feel that fashion and wealth have a power that cannot be dispensed with in giving his child a desirable place in life. A professed Christian may feel that Jesus Christ will save him, if he only does enough for his own salvation. All these are ways of breaking the first commandment; not very uncommon ways either.

Any likeness of anything (v. 4.) Anything which is recognized as peculiarly representing God or his attributes, or his work, anything which is reverenced or depended on as securing God's blessing, or as bringing him nearer. Valuing a relic or a memento for its associations is one thing. That is not at all a violation of the second commandment. Valuing a thing because of its supernatural influence or power is quite another thing. This is a breach of the second commandment. This commandment can be broken by resting dependence on a horse shoe nailed up in the front nail, or on a crucifix, or a Madonna hanging in the bed chamber. It can be broken by thinking that a fish bone in one's pocket will ward off the rheumatism, or that a copy of the Bible—with or without the revision—carried near the heart will promote the prospects of a safe journey. It can be broken by counting a dead mother's lock of hair an amulet, or the bread and wine of the communion table as in any sense a supernatural vehicle of grace to the partaker. Breaking the second commandment is a very common thing even among Protestant Christians.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain (v. 7.) There are a great many ways of profaning God's name without using cuss words. It is a breach of this commandment to claim to be doing in God's name that which we are really doing in our own name; to claim that our violence of temper is "righteous indignation," that our unkind criticism of a neighbor to his face is "Christian frankness;" that our advice to another to do what we want him to do is "a call of God" to him. The only way of keeping this commandment is by acting and speaking always as God's children, as God's representatives, as with his honor in our keeping, and with honor for him in our hearts. Who of us are no violators of the third commandment.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy (v. 8.) All of us have in mind some days as worthier of note than others. It may be the birth day of a loved one, or the anniversary of some personal joy or sorrow; or a day of national prominence. We should feel that we failed in love or fidelity or patriotism if we allowed that day to pass unnoted. And if in addition to our instinctive interest in that day, we had been specially requested by our greatest benefactor and our most dearly loved one to note its coming and to honor its hours, how could it be in our hearts to neglect its reverent observance? One day in seven is God's memorial day, our Father's day. He who has done everything for us, and who is ready to do a great deal more, asks that we shall show our loving gratitude by honoring that day as his day. What a shame that we should ever want to shirk that duty or delight to us! A New England clergyman was out in the New West with a rough pioneer party. He shared their work and dangers. He wanted them to share his sense of Sabbath duties. Adapting his illustration to their modes of thought he said, while preaching to them on one of their Sunday rests: "Suppose now I owned a wheelbarrow, the only one in the party, and you wanted the use of it. If I should say to you, "You can take it and use it on any six days out of the seven;" but the seventh day I'd like it for myself," would you think that was a pretty generous thing on my part? Now suppose that you had had the barrow all the six days through, and it was brought back to my tent for my use just one day before giving it to you again, I should see one of you sneaking into my tent in the morning to steal the barrow for the only day in the week I had asked for it; wouldn't you think that a pretty mean way of treating me?—But it wouldn't be a bit meaner than your way of stealing God's time, when he has given you the use of it for six days, and only asks you to let him have it for his own use on the seventh." This Sabbath stealing is pretty mean business—isn't it?—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

TABLE ETIQUET

A Few Hints to the Diner-Out.

Bill Nye.

If by writing this we can induce one man who now wipes his mouth on the table cloth to come up and take higher grounds, and wipe them on his pants, we shall feel amply repaid.

If you cannot accept an invitation to dinner do not write your regret on the back of a pool check with a blue pencil. This is now regarded as a richochet.

A simple note to your host informing him that your washerwoman refuses to relent is sufficient.

On seating yourself at the table draw off your gloves and put them in your lap under your napkin. Do not put them in the gravy, as it would ruin the gloves and cast a gloom over the gravy. If you have just cleaned your gloves with benzine, you might leave them out in the front yard.

Stones in cherries or other fruit should not be placed upon the tablecloth, but slid quietly into the pocket of your neighbor or noiselessly tossed under the table.

Ladies should take but one glass of wine at dinner. Otherwise there might be difficulty in steering the male portion of the procession home.

Do not make remarks about the quantity your companion has eaten. If the lady who is your companion at the table, whether she be your wife or the wife of some one else, should eat quite heartily do not offer to pay your host, or say to her: "Great Scott! I hope you will not kill yourself because you have the opportunity," but be polite and gentlemanly, even though the food supply be cut off for a week.

If one of the gentlemen drop a raw oyster into his bosom and he should have trouble in fishing it out, do not make facetious remarks about it, but assist him to find it, laughing heartily all the time.

Mr. W. A. Forbes, Greenfield, Mass., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism.—*Cincinnati Christian Standard.*

An English Idea.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Speaking of his visit to England last year John T. Raymond recently said at a London dinner party the lady he escorted to the table said to him in a very earnest voice:

"Mr. Raymond, are you really an American? You are not in the least like my idea of one."

"I am an American, but not an aboriginal," responded he.

"An aboriginal! You mean an Indian. That reminds me to ask if you have much trouble with the Indians in New York?"

"No; we have got them pretty well under there," was the reply.

"And they are—do they dress as you do?"

"Oh, yes; in New York City they are great snobs, but at Niagara Fall they run about in the simplicity of nothingness."

"How dreadful!" murmured the lady; "and Dean Stanley wrote so glowingly of the place and never said a word about it."

WARRANTED the Greatest pain reliever in the world, Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. Thirty-four years established, and never failed to cure croup, spasms, colic, chronic rheumatism, old sores, and pain in the limbs, back and chest. Over 500 physicians recommend it, and 1,000 certificates can be seen at the depot, 42 Murray street. No one has once tried it but continues to use it and recommend it to their friends. Ladies will find this Liniment will immediately eradicate Pimples, Freckles and Blotches. Also restores Gray Hair to its natural color, and perfectly harmless. 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by the druggists.

Possibilities of the Future.

Hartford Evening Post.

As an outcome of the present situation, Mr. Garfield will have a personal influence at the South entirely beyond that heretofore enjoyed by any Republican leader. As he is both a patriot and a statesman he may be able to use it not merely to bridge, but to fill up and obliterate the bloody chasm. In the course of the next four years half a dozen Southern States may take their place politically side by side with Massachusetts and Iowa, and find it good to be there.

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PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S PHOSPHATIC BAKING POWDER

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Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

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Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, AUG. 18.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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TOLEDO, OHIO.

NASBY IN EUROPE,

May 10th, Mr. D. R. LOCKE (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) will sail for Europe for the purpose of contributing a series of letters to the TOLEDO BLADE. These letters will cover a period of six months, commencing June 1st.

They will be written in Mr. Nasby's peculiar vein, and will be as lively as he can make them. The TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is the LARGEST Political and Family paper in the United States, and in addition to this feature, contains a dozen others, famous to and approved by a majority of all families in every State and Territory.

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NASBY PORTRAIT FREE

Every subscriber to the BLADE, during the publication of Mr. Locke's European Letters, for either three or six months, will receive free of charge a splendid

[PORTRAIT OF D. R. LOCKE,

in size and style similar to the one of President Garfield which we issued last Summer. This portrait in the picture stores would sell for $1. It will not be put upon the market at all, and can only be had by subscribers to THE BLADE.

Those desiring the above subscription and the portrait will do well to send their orders early. We shall print an extra edition, to be able to send back numbers, but the supply will doubtless be exhausted in a month. Send your orders immediately. Specimen Copies of THE BLADE mailed to any address upon application. Send your subscription money. Address

BLADE CO., Toledo, O.

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Circulation this Week, 83,000

MR. LOCKE'S LETTER.

The letter from Mr. D. R. LOCKE which we give this week deals with the English tailor and his bungling rascality, the English 'Ord, and its aggravating extortions, and the Englishman generally, with his consuming love for "tips." It is a very life-like picture of the plain, unvarnished every day experience of the American tourist in England, and will be read everywhere with absorbing interest. Letters such as Mr. LOCKE has been furnishing us contains more real information concerning European life and ideas than a hundred of the ordinary guide book style of correspondence which fills the colums of most papers. Nothing, since MARK TWAIN'S "Innocents Abroad" has taken so well as these. Every paper in the land is now publishing extracts from them.

EXPERTS say that there are 331 different styles of bycycles now actively in use.

THE recent cloudburst in Colorado has flooded one of the richest gold mines in the State.

DURING month of June $5,553,268 worth of petroleum was shipped from this country abroad

TRAMPS, the New York *Herald* thinks, never get sunstruck because they drink so much buttermilk. At least that is the inference.

A LONDON paper says that this has been a year characterized by "a kind of social reconcilistion all around." That means something

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF is determined to retain his influence in Russian matters as long as possible. He will not give up his influential position.

EVERY reader of the BLADE should have the "Nasby Pamphlets." We mail them postpaid, three different titles, for 30 cents. See announcement on next page.

THE grapes grown by the Mormons in Salt Lake Valley are of extremely fine flavor, and that people are engaging in the culture of the fruit with great energy and enterprise.

THEY are doing a wholesale business in persecuting the Jews in Russia. Up to the end of June, 16 of the Towns and Villages in the West which were principally inhabited by this people had been burned.

ONE evidence that Mississippi is improving lies in the fact that her large plantations are being rapidly cut down into small farms, which produce much larger crops in proportion than before. The owner is now able to put the whole of what land he has under the highest state of cultivation.

JEFF DAVIS, the ablest of the Northern Copperheads, joins his old friend and ally, JEFF DAVIS, in an attempt to falsify history. Twenty years ago, both united in an attempt to falsify the meaning of civilization. The world condemned them contemptuously, and now they are quarreling with the verdict.

THE name Long Branch brings before one's mental vision the picture of the ocean, with its billowy waters rolling in upon the shining shore, and with it the cool refreshing sea breezes that speak of health and vigor. So much for the picture. Now for the reality. Last week the mercury climbed up to 109 degrees. Toledo is a pretty good place to stay in after all.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE announcement contained in the morning bulletin last Saturday, from the White House, that the President's pulse was 104 and temperature over 100° caused alarm in the public mind, and fears were expressed that another serious disturbance was about to make its appearance in the track of the bullet. The fact that previous complications, requiring the aid of the surgeon's knife to remove, occurred on Saturday tended to increase the anxiety felt by the public when the figures of the morning's bulletin became known, and many persons who have heretofore manifested the fullest confidence in the President's recovery became despondent at what seemed to be unfavorable symptoms. The high temperature in the morning was a new feature in the case, and seemed to indicate that the fever, which has regularly made its appearance in the afternoon and as regularly subsided during the night, had at last gained the mastery. This feeling of nervous anxiety was intensified by the usual crop of alarming rumors, and there has been no such abatement of the dangerous symptoms up to the hour of going to press as tends to relieve the public anxiety on the subject.

THE best and by far the largest proportion of Republicans in the State are favorable to the Readjuster movement not so much on account of any professions concerning the debt question as because its success promises to liberalize public opinion in a State where liberality needs cultivation. The Readjusters, Republican and Democrats, are for a free and untrammeled vote and an honest count. They would take away the requirement that the capitation tax be paid before a man, otherwise qualified, can vote, believing that it is both unjust and unconstitutional to treat any citizen as a felon who does not pay this assessment. With all their hearts the Readjusters favor increasing the number and efficiency of the public schools, as an instrumentality for the education and elevation of the classes of citizens who have not the means to educate their children in private and expensive schools. They are willing to accept any instrumentalities in the way of political organization that will destroy in Virginia the class feeling that has been, and is, encouraged by the Bourbons of the State, who prate of blood and honor as if they were the exclusive heritage of the degenerate sons of PATRICK HENRY and other Virginians who were broader and braver in their beliefs than the men who now repeat their names simply to round a phrase or point a tale.

THE Straight-out Republicans of Virginia, who are opposed to going into a coalition with the Readjusters, held a convention at Lynchburg last Friday, and after a stormy session nominated Hon. WILLIAM C. WICKHAM for Governor, and S. M. YOST for Lieutenant-Governor; but both of these gentlemen declined with thanks, and the convention adjourned in a very discouraged mood. This will insure the success of the coalition of the Republicans and Liberal Democrats and the defeat of the Bourbons. From this time forth until election day, in hot or cool weather, the campaign in Virginia will be pressed by the Readjusters and the Bourbons with unprecedented vigor. The lines are set, the orators on both sides are eager, the people are aroused and willing to listen, and the Republicans having approved the Readjuster platform and ticket the contest will be waged as no political battle was ever fought before.

IT can not now be disguised that the President is in imminent danger, and before this paper reaches its readers the crisis will have been safely passed, or he will be no more. There is too much reason to fear the latter terrible contingency. But all that human skill could do has been done—all that the love and sympathy of millions could give to nerve and encourage him has been generously given. If it be so ordered that he shall pass away from the Nation that loves him, we can only bow our heads in such manly submission to the inevitable as we can muster.

AN important event which has occurred within the last week in France, was the opening of the International Electrical Exhibition at Paris. Of the foreign countries represented, England and Germany occupy the most space. Next to them comes Belgium and America. EDISON will have a very fine display when the arrangements are all completed. Already it attracts much attention. The English exhibit consists principally of all of the electrical instruments which have been in use since 1837, while Germany is showing how electricity can be applied to military and scholastic purposes.

THERE has been a good deal of excitement in Great Britain during the past week over the opposition in the House of Lords to the Land bill, and it is believed that the object of Lord SALISBURY, the leader, is to break up the GLADSTONE Ministry. Of course, if there were an irreconcilable difference between the two Houses of Parliament there would be nothing left but for the Ministry to resign. The Premier is reported to be seriously suffering in health through his anxiety over the Bill.

AFFAIRS in Russia seem to continue comparatively quiet. The Czar has been to Moscow where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. On the surface at least there was an appearance of the greatest affection for his royal person. The *Russky Kurjer*, a newspaper in Moscow, has been suspended for four months for publishing correspondence calculated to irritate public opinion. The subject was the political convicts and the treatment they receive from the local authorities.

THE troubles in Tunis seem to be about over. The French fleet has set sail for France. The insurgent Arab Chief is inclined to ask amnesty from the Bey, in return for which and for the appointment of CAID, of Nifetis, he will make all of the Rebels submit to the Government.

THE Chicago *Tribune* says there is a man in that City who is inflexible in his determination to kill GUITEAU if the latter is ever set at liberty. The man is not a fanatic, but possesses good sense and a sound mind. So long as GUITEAU is confined, he feels no responsibility, but when the law loosens its hold, the avenger will be upon the track of the assassin.

WILLIAM PENN'S BONES.

The recent well deserved failure of the State of Pennsylvania to secure the fragmentary remains of the late WILLIAM PENN for reinterment upon her soil calls renewed attention to the career of that tiresome hero of so many goody-goody books.

No man in this country has harvested so fine a crop of reputation from so insignificant a sowing of deeds as the venerable old pump who appears in historical pictures and the illustrations to our juvenile school books, as trading off a necklace of glass beads and a Barlow jack-knife for more good farming land than there is in all England. Such is the philanthropic altitude that he has attained that when an artist sets about making his picture he starts out with the intention of portraying Ideal Benevolence and, by a curious inversion of ideas, the conventional artistic idea of Benevolence in its highest human incarnation has come to be a stout legged, round-bellied old gentleman, in knee breeches, buckled shoes, and a broad-brimmed hat, with white locks falling around a broad, fat face, as mildly benignant and expression less as a full moon on a Summer evening. Possibly some great genius may arise in the future who will be capable of representing Benevolence personified by a man wearing a business suit and side whiskers, but he has shown no signs of dawning yet.

When we inquire what Friend WILLIAM ever did to merit this apotheosization as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, we are triumphantly pointed to these pictures, and are told in addition that he refused to take off his hat in the presence of King CHARLES I. and and JAMES II.

It is well to begin the consideration of the merits of his great real estate deal with the Delawares and Mingos with the remembrance that those untutored sons of the forest knew as little of the value of an acre of ground and of the rights of ownership in the soil as they did of the great mathematical truth that the area of a right angled triangle is equal to half of the product of the base and altitude. If we add to this another fact connected closely with it, to-wit, that Friend WILLIAM had at that day a well deserved reputation as one of the keenest and shrewdest business men and traders in all England we are likely to understand that at least he did not allow the Indians to ring in any swamp land on him at corner lot rates. In other words, if he gave a yard of cloth, or a single gunflint more for the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware than shrewd, close business policy dictated, the keenest investigation has failed to discover the fact.

The truth of the whole matter is that his founding the Colony of Pennsylvania was as pure a bit of real estate speculation as was ever transacted, and he intended it for such. Planting colonies was the business fashion of that day, just the same as building railroads is of his. Two Quakers had invested heavily in a New Jersey Colony, and got into a partnership quarrel, into which PENN was drawn, by both being friends of his. One of them found, as is usual with real estate men in all ages and countries, that he had loaded himself down too heavily, and he dropt his interest to PENN at a sacrifice. This directed his attention to that species of property. At the same time he had a claim against the English Government for $80,000, which had become a very old story. CHARLES II offered to give him for it all of what is now the State of Pennsylvania. As the State contains about 30 million acres, this was in the neighborhood of a quarter of a cent an acre, and PENN showed his good business sense in promptly accepting the offer, especially as it had come to probably that or nothing.

In taking possession of his "plantation," as these grants were then called, he followed the precedents which the Swedes whom he found settled at Philadelphia and Delaware had found beneficial, and placated the Indians of the neighborhood with a few presents, and many fine words, which the noble red men had not yet learned by sad experience buttered no parsnips.

The speculation was very successful in every way. Before PENN returned to England there were 7,000 people settled on his land, and the colony grew apace. The Government soon found it to its interest to pay him $60,000 to relinquish the lordship of the colony, but the ownership of the soil remained in the hands of his family, and, like all monopolies, became in the course of years a terrible burden to the people. The English Government is still paying his heirs for the property which was taken away from them at the time of the Revolution. A real estate operator of to-day would say that the whole transaction was conducted in the highest style of the art.

Now for the hat episode: Beyond question Friend WILLIAM suffered some inconvenience on account of his stanch adherence to Quaker ideas. But at the same time we know the corrupt courts of CHARLES II. and JAMES II. had no more adroit and wily courtier than he, and when we look over the multitude of favors he obtained from those two Kings, and the power he exercised at both their courts it does not appear how his Quakerism ever stood in his way in the least. He was persecuted, no doubt, but the most of this was in the reign of WILLIAM III., and was occasioned by the very good reasons the Government had for believing that he was intriguing to secure the return of the dethroned STUART.

Undoubtedly, PENN was a great man—according to the Pennsylvania standard. That is, he wore good clothes of a Quaker cut, was one of the first men of Philadelphia, had a well born father and mother, paid his bills regularly, made money in all his transactions, and never tried to do anything extraordinary or brilliant. The principal blemish on his character is that he had literary aspirations, but as the books he wrote were strictly religious, and never had any readers, this temporary aberration toward being "one of them blank literary fellers" is no more remembered against him than WASHINGTON'S oaths at Monmouth. But the Philadelphia standard of greatness is not accepted at any great distance from the Schuylkill; it is not one which appeals successfully to the approval of people remote from the latitude and longitude of the great treaty elm of Shackamaxon. Consequently the attempt to place upon the highest pedestal of eminence the shrewd old founder of Philadelphia, an

bring his bones to this land with a flourish and fanfarronade, similar to that of the Venetians when they imported the alleged skeleton of ST. MARK, does not awaken very general enthusiasm. It is felt—and very properly—that if we are going to highly honor some one—if we must canonize some departed worthy, by bringing home his revered dust and giving it bell and burial with national crants and popular strewments, that it shall be some one who has made real sacrifices for the country, and whose life and deeds are worth a place in our National temple of fame, as a model and incentive for the youth of coming generations. Assuredly WILLIAM PENN, the thrifty real estate operator, and supple courtier of the worthless STUARTS does not fill this description, and at this moment we can not recall any Pennsylvanian that does.

THE MISSISSIPPI CAMPAIGN.

The campaign in Mississippi has nearly as much National interest as that in Virginia. Were there as much intellectual activity in the former as in the latter, it would have more, since the future possibilities of Mississippi are much greater than those of effete, worn out Virginia. But though their State has been on the down grade for three quarters of a century, the Virginians have always maintained some of the political prominence which they inherited along with their exhausted lands. The Mississippians, on the other hand, like the Missourians and Arkansas people, are largely composed of the low-class whites from the older Southern States, and have few of the higher qualities which distinguish the typical Southerner. Only three Mississippians have ever been heard of. These were JEFF. DAVIS, who hailed from Kentucky until middle life; H. S. FOOTE, a Virginian, and SERGEANT S. PRENTISS, a thorough going Downeaster, from Maine. This last, who gave the State all the reputation for genius it ever obtained, became so disgusted with the community that he finally shook the dust of Vicksburg from his feet, and went to live in New Orleans.

But for all this, the State undoubtedly has a great future. It has 25 per cent. more territory than Ohio, and this is mostly good land, capable of supporting a very dense population. At the census of 1870 there were but 17.56 people to the square mile in Mississippi, while Ohio had nearly four times as many (86.69). The tide of emigration must some day turn Southward into this sparsely settled region and develop it into as rich and productive a country as Illinois, which it approximates in size, and resembles in other ways. Nothing of this kind can happen to Virginia, whose sterile soil will repel emigrants as long as there is land anywhere else to be taken up. Consequently it is not worth while to hope for much in a non-progressive community like Virginia, which has been Democratic, of the rock ribbed, mountain-bitterseed character, ever since there has been a Democratic party, while there are good reasons for hoping to secure results in Mississippi which will bring forth good fruits.

In the first place with anything like a fair count, Mississippi is a Republican State by from 25,000 to 30,000 majority. The difficulty is in having this majority counted, which has not been done since 1875. The Republicans are now offered an alliance with the Greenbackers and Independent Democrats, who have found a longer endurance of the Bourbon Democratic rule intolerable, and are organizing a subversion of it. The Greenbackers claim to have 20,000 votes and the Independents 8,000. The Bourbon vote for HANCOCK was 75,750, and the vote for GARFIELD 31 854. The advantages of a coalition are that it will begin the disruption of solid Democracy, and the Greenbackers and Independents, when backed up by the Republicans will insist on having a free vote and an honest count, which will defeat the Democrats. The efforts of all who are hopeful of the State's future are now concentrated on making the coalition effective, and the chances now seem very bright for attaining that consummation.

IF we were in a vindictive mood, and JERRY O'DONOVAN ROSSA had any fight in him, we might be able to pay back some of the scares we owe the English officials for their conduct in regard to the detention of the Rebel rams. Then the English ministry professed the most utter ignorance as to the building of the rams and their design. They did not know, and would not believe that a war ship was building in all England, or that the Rebels had a single timber in ship yard. It was the "Alabama" case all over again, but just as the rams were on the point of sailing one Minister presented his *ultimatum*: war, if the rams were allowed to put to sea. This brought the English Tories to their senses, and the rams were detained. The United States Government has not one-hundredth part of the amount of information in regard to CROWE'S infernal machines that we furnished the English concerning the rams; we have no English Congressmen engaged in manufacturing them, as the Hon. Mr. LAIRD was engaged in building the rams, and the mission of the rams or the "Alabama" was quite as indefensible as that of CROWE'S dynamite cans. We need not be in any more haste to discover the villainy of the Peoria Irishman, than the English aristocrats were in discovering the badness of their Secession sympathizing ship builder.

THERE are in every community persons who can make money in canvassing for the sale of books. The books announced on the next page, "Andersonville" and "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," are the best selling books ever offered, and hundreds of agents are canvassing with great success. We are ourselves surprised at the success of "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," and the delivery for September will exceed the delivery of any book known to us, except the first delivery of "Andersonville." We advise agents to secure territory for both these books at once, as next month will yield a harvest to canvassers. See announcement on next page.

SO far GUITEAU'S temperature is normal, his pulse regular, and he is able to consume about four pounds of solid food per day. No incisions have been required to relieve him of accumulations of obstinate pus, but it is believed that one about six inches deep, near the center of the left breast, would give general satisfaction.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS is suffering because of drought fires burning over some of the finest farms in that section.

ANTS.

Among the housekeeper's torments at this season of the year there are none more trying than these little creeping creatures that are everywhere where they should not be, that make their unwelcome appearance in travelling over our choicest food, and which multiply *ad infinitum* when they once obtain a foothold. And their presence is none the less exasperating, that scientists have discovered that they are gifted with powers far beyond what would be imagined such tiny creatures could possess.

In the current number of the Popular Science *Monthly* is a long article upon the "Intelligence of Ants" which is of great interest. A knowledge of some of their characteristics might produce a slight diversion in the feelings with which they are regarded, and also give an idea of how revenge could be obtained sometimes upon them for their provoking irruptions into places where they are so emphatically not wanted, and how to get rid of them when they are present.

It is said that they have surprising powers of communication with each other. They must possess some language or system of signs by which they are able to warn their friends or neighbors of the approach of danger, or of the necessity of keeping away from some given vicinity. To prove this the following instance is related: Upon the mantel shelf in the room of HAGNE, the geologist, stood a vase of flowers to which he observed a file of red ants passing upwards and downwards from a hole near the ceiling. They increased rapidly and to get rid of them Mr. HAGUE tried brushing them to the floor but that simply had the effect of establishing another train ascending from the floor to the vase. Striking his finger down he killed and disabled several. Instantly there were signs of the utmost consternation. Those who were approaching their dead companions from above turned and ran back hastily and in a few moments the wall was cleared of ants. Below they continued to advance longer. Reaching the edge of the shelf and cautiously peeping over, they beheld their dead and suffering friends and instantly exhibiting great terror and excitement ran back, and in a little while that column too disappeared altogether. A few days afterwards the ants reappeared, but they did not go near the scene of disaster, seeking another vase containing flowers at the other end of the shelf. From this and subsequent experiments he gives a hint to housekeepers:

To turn back these stragglers, it is only necessary to kill one or two in the trail. The moment that spot is reached the ant turns abruptly and makes for home and in a little while not an ant will be visible on the wall.

Another curious thing which shows that they have some means of communicating with each other is an experiment of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK'S. He stretched three tapes from an ant's nest to three glasses, in one of which he placed numerous larvæ, in the second but two or three, and in the third none at all. Not an ant went over the tapes until he had put one to each of the two glasses containing larvæ, when they seized a larva and carried it back to the nest. He replaced the one taken from the glass where were but two or three and continued to do so while the experiment lasted. He likewise seized every ant which started homeward with its burden except the first two and imprisoned them.

In 47½ hours the ants who went to the glass containing the most larvæ had brought 257 friends to their assistance, while in 53 hours those who visited the one with but two or three had taken but 82 friends, and the third glass remained unvisited. It proved very conclusively that they had some way of telling each other where there was food and the best road to reach it.

The writer says that it is undoubted that ants have the sense of sight, hearing, etc., highly developed, and also a sense of direction, which experiments have shown to be due to a process of registering all the changes of direction made during the outgoing journey. They have also memory which extends over a considerable lapse of time, certainly as much as a year, if not longer.

Another very curious thing is their power of recognition. This extends to all blood relations, even when the eggs have been separated before hatching. They also seem to know a kind of nationality regarding those belonging to the same kind of nests, even though they number millions regarding them as friends and all others as foreigners. As an instance of this, McCOOK describes an "ant town," situated upon the Alleghany Mountains, which consists of 1,600 or 1,700 nests, rising up in cones from two to five feet high. The ground below is riddled by subterranean passages, and the inhabitants are evidently all on the most friendly terms. If one nest is injured or destroyed, they all set to work to build it up again. But it is death to a foreign ant to enter into their community.

It is well known that these little creatures are pugnacious, brave, and rapacious. Scientists do not agree as to their being affectionate or sympathetic, although recent experiments would go to prove that they are both. Species differ, however, in this respect. One writer tells of seeing an ant pick up an apparently sick or dead companion, and carrying him to the water, dip him in, and then lay him out to dry and recover.

In one thing they might be well imitated by human beings. They are *intensely* cleanly, particularly in their care of the young. The latter are taught to take care of themselves, seemingly receiving a careful education as to their duties. They enslave those of different tribes; use military tactics that are simply wonderful; keep pets of other insects sometimes far larger than themselves; have regular gymnastic sports for recreation; work methodically; and when one dies give him a funeral according to his race and condition extremely like the customs of human beings in disposing of those of different race or caste, who pass away from life.

Let the irritated house-keepers think of some of these wonderful things which are true of these pests of her Summer days, and she may be able to glean a little comfort in the midst of her trouble.

OUR HUMOROUS POSTER.

Send for a copy of our comical poster of "Nasby in Europe." We are sending them free to all appicants, and we want one posted in every public place in the land.

ARE CORPORATIONS DEGENERATING MANHOOD?

The problem which gives the student of sociological phenomma most solicitude is as to the ultimate effect of the development of great corporations upon the manhood of our people.

To begin with, there is nothing that we are more proud of at the present time than the mauly independence of every citizen of our country. We are fond of saying to ourselves that every male child born under the Stars and Stripes makes that start into life "free and equal," and with precisely as good an opportunity to attain to its highest success as any other child. We say to him, "Now you are entered into a race which is free and fair to all comers. You will gain all that your brains, courage, industry, honesty and earnest endeavor entitle you to. If you do not get all that you desire it will be because you have not qualities, or you have not put them forth with sufficient earnestness to win it for you."

Up until within very recent years this has been substantially correct. Every man was really the architect of his own fortune. He became wealthy, famous or powerful just in proportion as he had the qualities to gain him wealth, or fame, or power, and put them forth persistently and energetically. In isolated instances it is true, he might be helped on to the attainment of these goals of ambition, but as a rule nobody but himself could make or mar his fortune.

The happy result of this was that we built up a Nation of independent, self-respecting men, who felt themselves accountable only to GOD and their consciences, and who scorned to truckle to or curry favor with any mortal living. They stood erect before GOD and man, and spurned those who bowed to any power except that which reason told them was for the general good.

But now another element is manifesting itself powerfully in our social scheme. Where, at the end of the Revolution, we had 3,000,000 small farmers, merchants and tradesmen, each one depending upon his own industry, sobriety, skill, honesty, and fair reputation with his neighbor for his success, we have twice that many servants of great corporations, whose advancement in life is wholly dependent upon the favor of those in power in those corporations. In one instance the head of a corporation has 100,000 men in his employ, and from this it graduates down until there are few villages of any business activity in which there cannot be found institutions employing 100 men and upward. These are much larger masses of dependents than any of the old-time feudal Lords could boast of. An old European noble who could pride himself in as many able bodied male retainers as the average number of men in our manufacturing institutions, very properly thought himself an important fellow, indeed, and put on any amount of airs in consequence. And in just the proportion of the importance he arrogated to himself was the condition of his dependants lowered.

The corporations threaten to represent in the new world just what the nobility represented, and do yet represent, in the old. They are, if possible, even more selfish and grasping, and conscienceless. They are certainly as destructive of truly independent manhood, because, like them, they will substitute personal favoritism for the higher qualities which should determine a man's success in life. It is becoming every year more possible for a man to become more rich or more powerful than his fellows, not because he has higher courage, abilities or industry than they, but because he knows better how

To crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
That thrift may follow fawning.

This is the most alarming feature of the growth of these corporations. It far transcends any fear that may be entertained as to their oppressiveness or tyranny to the general public, because that is something which may be reached by law and statutory regulation. But no legislative enactment can ever check or counteract the insidious deterioration of our national manhood, which will inevitably result from making the fortunes and happiness of great groups of men depend upon the will and pleasure of the one man who stands to each one of them in the relation of employer and master.

TEN HOUR SYSTEM.

The idea has been expressed, sometimes as a homely proverb and again more elegantly, that one cannot have more of anything than there is to have. Applied in various ways to the transactions of life and it would teach contentment with what is sometimes regarded with dissatisfaction, and moderation in the demands made upon humanity.

Men and women possess a certain amount of nervous energy and physical strength. Under a long continued strain both will fail and the unfortunate individual will "break down," not perhaps utterly, but so that his usefulness is gone, or at least his powers of accomplishing more than the barest minimum of labor.

It is right here that employers often make a mistake in their treatment of employes. They act upon the idea that continued labor for 13 or 14 hours a day will give greater results than a less time, whereas the truth is that the opposite is the case. It is a gratifying sign of the times that this is beginning to be understood. In Massachusetts the hours of labor have been reduced to 10 while the wages remain the same as when they were 11 or 12, and the products are fully equal, and in many cases superior. The result was not different when the reduced hours were applied to the piece system. The workmen earn as much in the 10 hours as in the longer time.

The same thing has been found true in other manufacturing Districts than Massachusetts. In Switzerland where the reduced day has been tried, the inspectors appointed by law to look into results announce them as in the highest degree satisfactory. The fear of diminished production has been proved entirely unfounded. If there is a difference it has been found to be on the side of increase rather than decrease.

Of course the reason of this is that the strength is not exhausted, and therefore with vital forces unimpaired, energy and enthusiasm combine in the accomplishment of labor. The workman who goes to his tasks fresh and unwearied can do twice as much, and do it far better than he who begins in the spiritless way of one already tired. After a reasonable time of work, too, what is accomplished, on the average amounts to little.

There is another thing to be considered with reference to the diminished hours of labor. A man who works 14 hours out of 24 has literally no time to spend with his family. His children must be almost strangers to him, for, with the exception of Sundays, he rarely sees them in their waking hours. The softening influences of a pleasant or comfortable home can have no effect upon him, for he has no leisure to feel them. The moral power of two more hours a day for rest and recreation will do much to build up his manhood, and make him better, as well as happier.

It does not seem as if this question needed argument when it has been so clearly demonstrated that diminished hours do not mean diminished production. In fact, looked upon in a selfish point of view, that man consults his own interests who makes his employes the most comfortable and the happiest, and a recognition of this truth, a lightening of the hard lines drawn between the employer and employed will do more towards a peaceable solution of the Labor problem, now making the civilized world quiver with anxiety, than can be easily realized.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

A writer in the September number of *Harper's Magazine* gives some rather startling ideas in regard to the grain growing regions of the Canadian Northwest. Hitherto there has been or seemed to be no doubt in the minds of any citizen in the United States that this is to be the country of all others which for time indefinite would supply the world with grain. Little thought has been given to the productive power of that great stretch of land lying so far to the North. Lord BEACONSFIELD, it is true, did declare at an agricultural meeting held in England in 1879 to consider the subject of American competition in wheat, that Canada would soon attain a supremacy is this direction, but little heed was paid to his assertion. In truth very little is known of this great region beyond the fact of its geographical position, and consequently its advantages are not appreciated.

The Canadian division of the great Valley of the North contains probably about 250,000,000 of acres of land, with a temperature varying very little from that of the Red River Valley, where as is well known, are now situated some of the monster wheat farms of the world. This stretch of country has so far as has been ascertained an exceedingly prolific soil. The wheat which has been raised upon it is better of quality than that cultivated farther South. This results from the climate which is just warm enough to bring it to maturity, and not so warm as to produce drought and to burn the plant.

The writer proves that the wheat of this colder climate is the superior by figures taken from the crop of 1880, and prophesies that in the future it will bear a still higher relative value to the Southern, since it makes a flour of much greater strength. It contains more gluten and less starch, and is, therefore, more nutritious. The land is also more productive. It is rich in all the elements which are believed to nourish vegetation. The average yield of wheat in Manitoba is 28 bushels to the acre. In Illinois it is 17; in Iowa, 10; in Wisconsin less than 10, and in Texas it is 8½ bushels. The inference is an easy one to draw.

Another thing of the greatest importance considered with reference to this matter, which is discussed, is the means of getting to market. It is shown quite conclusively that but a few years will elapse before Manitoba and the Atlantic seaboard will be as closely connected as our great Western States and New York. Of course the principal means will be by the Canadian Pacific Road, which it is expected will be ready for traffic in three years. This will make the distance from the Pacific Ocean to Montreal 500 miles less than the distance by the Union Pacific to New York.

These are but a few of the points touched upon by the writer of the article, who puts the matter in a light that makes it far more important than it could have been thought at first glance possible. That it will in the near future affect agriculture in the United States is certain, but how seriously, it remains to be seen. It will, no doubt, draw a large portion of the immigration now directed wholly to the United States, to Canada.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

We announce on the next page an edition of the Revised New Testament which we have selected to furnish our readers at the very low price of $1.00, postpaid by mail. This is the very best edition for the money yet published, and every family should have a copy in their possession. We have already sold an enormous number of these books, and the demand is still as great as at the first announcement. Not a single instance of dissatisfaction has come to our notice. We trust all who have not ordered will do so soon, as this announcement will soon have to give place to something else. We have a few Morocco bound copies at $1.50.

BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS invited the International Medical Congress to attend a garden party Tuesday afternoon. Unfortunately it rained, but about a thousand delegates went thither and were delightfully entertained by the Baroness and her husband.

THE average wages of French workmen computed in 51 distinct trades is only 60½ cents a day, or $3 63 a week. For women, the average in 11 trades is 34½ cents a day, or $1 87½ a week. How is that compared to the wages in the United States?

THE release of Mr. DILLON is regarded with great favor in England.

HANNAH JANE,

One of the Most Beautiful Poems of the Times.

By David Ross Locke (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby). With Numerous Full Page and Letter Press Illustrations. Royal Octavo, Rich English Cloth. Full Gilt, $1.50. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The above poem, originally published in Harper's *Magazine*, is one of the quaintest and most beautiful in the English language. Its simplicity of style, the pathos, its perfect transcript of nature, all combine to render it inimitable, and its first appearance drew forth a world of commendation.

It now makes its appearance under the auspices of the well known publishing firm of Lee and Shepard in book form. And they have given this little gem of poetry a setting worthy of it. The illustrations are numerous and drawn with a fidelity and sympathy of expression which shows them to be the work of a true artist. The letter press is faultless; the paper upon which it is printed is heavy, rich and exquisitely tinted, and the binding excellent. Taken altogether it is a volume of which the poet, the artist, the philosopher, anybody and everybody of fine taste and literary instincts may be proud to have upon his table, while the poem itself appeals to every heart in the land.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The wife of Gen. Don Carlos Buel died at their home at Airdrie on Green River, in Kentucky, on Wednesday after 15 months of suffering.—Because of the protests of the Merchants' Association of Milwaukee, Wis., indorsed by Senators Sawyer and Cameron, the lake postal service by steamboat between that City and Grand Haven, Mich., has been restored.—Mrs. Prentice, aged 83 years, the grand daughter of Gen. Stark, will attend the 104th anniversary of the battle of Bennington.—Congressman Hendrick B. Wright, of Wilkesbarre, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is gradually failing in health.—The debt of Russia, including $54,000,000 of paper money, is $2,450,000,000.—Ex-Gov. Washburn has a mill at St. Paul that grinds 3,000 barrels of flour a day. The Pillsbury Mill grinds 5,000 barrels.—Edmond du Mortimer de Lafayette is the last living descendant of the famous Lafayette. He is a Senator of France, Council-General of the Haute-Loire, a bachelor, and lives in Paris. He expects to come to the Yorktown anniversary celebration.—Crop reports from Southern Illinois tell almost uniformly of great damage to the corn by drouth; from Kansas the outlook is reported as fairly satisfactory; from Nebraska the corn prospect is represented as being much better than hitherto reported, and from Minnesota and Dakota the showing as to wheat is excellent.—The rapid growth of Dakota is shown in the fact that, exclusive of railroad property, the assessed valuation by the Territorial Board of Equalization aggregates $30,000,000, which is an increase of 50 per cent in one year.—The crops of Northern Missouri and portions of Kansas and Nebraska have been greatly benefitted by rains which fell Saturday night.—The patents of the McKay Sole-Sewing Machine Company have recently expired, greatly to the relief of the boot and shoe manufactures of the country, and generally to the relief of that industry.—Capt. Isaac Bassett, the veteran Doorkeeper of the United States Senate, who will complete his half century of service in the Senate Chamber in December next, is busily engaged in preparing his forthcoming volume entitled "Sketches and Reminiscences of the United States Senate—1831-1881."—The Hon. John A. Cuthbert, of Mobile, who is now 93 years old, is, it is asserted, the oldest surviving ex-Congressman. He entered Congress in 1819, 62 years ago. He is a lawyer, and as lively as last year practiced his profession in the Alabama Courts.—During last week 277,000 standard silver dollars were put into circulation.—The Republican caucus at Fredonia, N. Y., Saturday, re-nominated Sen. Sessions by 206 to 77.—The crucifix which Columbus held when he first landed in [illegible] asserted to be in the possession of a lady in Colorado. Whether it is actually that which was once owned by Columbus or not, it is certainly a very ancient crucifix.—It is stated it is not now probable there will be any restriction in coal mining. The companies generally are doing a good business and the Western demand has relieved the Eastern Market.—To such an extent has the practice of punching holes in silver coins been carried, especially in the West, that banks have made complaint and adopted measures to check it by establishing rates of discount for defaced coins. The Treasury has advised the public to refuse these coins on the ground that their value is not what it was when they were issued and stamped by the Government.—Last week 7,228 foreign emigrants arrived in New York.—Virginia, which paid no attention to cotton culture until recently, is now turning to it on a considerable scale, and with pronounced success. Cotton plantations now exist in all of the southern counties of the State, and thousands of bales were produced last year. It has been found that the cultivation of tobacco has been growing unprofitable, besides exhausting the soil, and this is likely to make cotton-growing general throughout the State.—The opinion gains ground in well-informed circles in Constantinople that the exile of the Pashas will be short, and that that after a few months they will receive a full pardon.—The Lebanon Shakers number 350, two-thirds of whom are women and girls, and their property is valued at $

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The New Jersey Coast and Its Summer Cities—The Movement of Political Parties in Virginia.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Aug. 11, 1881.

The New Jersey Coast, from Long Branch to Sea Girt, a distance of perhaps 20 miles, presents a pretty regular front to the ocean and is dotted with numerous fresh water lakes, which, as the country is taken up by city folks, are dignified by the more stately name of lakes. This whole stretch of shore is now occupied by Summer Towns which are almost within call of each other. Riding on the micro-scopic Long Branch Railway you pass from Ocean to Ocean Grove, to Ocean Park, Sea Girt and upon.

The Long Branch differs from the rest in having a long sand beach over which the lands come down to the ocean in low and even bluffs, which you need to reach the bathing grounds. Here, almost at the edge of this beach, and on the opposite side of the avenue and among the blue waves from the ocean, are the most convenient distances. The Town of Long Branch has a wide area towards the interior, and the interest of the stranger is with the charming front which is certainly one of the most delightful places in the world. It must have a population including the summer visitors of 30 or 35 thousand.

Sea Girt is further to the south. It is a quiet sort of place, with ample grounds away from the crowds that flock to the other towns of the coast, "and well suited to those who wish to combine retirement and rest with comfort and sea bathing."

Asbury Park stretches between two lakes with an ocean front of about a mile, but laid out in streets of a quite regular width by the inch, and is rapidly increasing in buildings and population. Many persons of means go there and live the year round, and there are large stores, large hotels and five or six churches. The summer population must be nearly as great as that of Long Branch or Ocean Grove. Four years ago it was a wild sand beach and a little away from the ocean, with a thick growth of stunted pines and oaks. The streets cut through these forests and many of the cottages are embowered in the foliage of the trees.

Ocean Grove lies along the side of Asbury Park, only a long and narrow lake between. Twelve years ago two or three persons who had come here with a tent to camp by the side of the great sea, conceived the idea of getting possession of the ground for a Methodist camp meeting. It was a delight that it would be a delightful place for such a meeting and that some persons would come early and remain after the meetings were over to catch the pure, and breathings of the ocean air. The plot, which is about half a mile square, was accordingly acquired and, after reserving a grove suitably for the meetings, was laid out in streets and squares with small lots 25x50 feet, suitable for tents or small cottages for the families of those who were expected to attend the meetings. This was the original idea, but it has grown gradually into a large and popular watering place with an immense number of boarding houses and hotels, which increase every year and grow larger as they increase. There are probably about 800 buildings of one kind and another, and 500 tents, containing a Summer population of between 20,000 and 25,000 souls. The annual camp meeting of about 10 days is still maintained and there is besides a great variety of missionary meetings, anniversaries, Temperance meetings, lectures, etc. So that there is an intellectual and moral atmosphere about the place which, to many people, surpasses its attractions. The Sundays are remarkable for the air of quietude and devotion which pervades them. And that day the gates are closed and no carriages are to be seen on its streets, no papers are sold, no mail is served, no car is used on the bordering lakes, and no bathing seen on the ocean front. The services at the Auditorium are, consequently, largely attended, and the great multitude are as orderly and as attentive as those who wait on the ministrations of the sanctuary in a country church. Of course no liquors are sold on these grounds, nor, as I understand, within a circuit of two miles.

Asbury Park, Ocean Beach, Spring Lake, and other places of less note, have all been patterned on the idea of Ocean Grove, but without its religious elements. They are all fairly prosperous, and during the Summer months the whole coast swarms with those who have fled from the dust and heat of the large Cities to find coolness and rest by the side of the great ocean. It is curious, by the way, to note from what distance they gather. Since I have been here I have met friends from Washington, Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit, and from many places in the west in the interior of New York and New Jersey.

Bathing accidents occur at all these watering places, but they are much less frequent than you would suppose from the thousands and tens of thousands that every day brave the watery breakers. A little boy 10 years old was drowned in Fletcher Lake since I have been here, and a gentleman that I have met here for several years past, went suddenly to his last account in the bathing grounds in Asbury Park on Monday last. Daniel or Adam Craig (the papers give his name both ways) was a gentleman from New Jersey, a man of intelligence, of considerable wealth and of high standing in the Presbyterian Church. He was a good swimmer, and his lady friends who went in the water were all fond of having him for a guide. On Monday he threw himself on his back, stretched out his hands and floated for a long time—long that some of those who saw him were alarmed and sent the bathing master after him. But when he reached the man he was dead. He was probably struck with apoplexy. This is inferred from the fact that he did not sink, and, hence, did not drown in any proper sense of the word. He was of middle age and a strong, vigorous, healthy, man.

Although away from Washington and not in the immediate vicinity of the "second sight," I have looked with interest to see what would come of the various political movements for capturing the State. The Mahone party put forth their candidates and went into the field to elect them before I left Washington. The Bourbons have held their convention since I left, and have put Daniels, a Greenbacker, on their ticket as their candidate for Governor, and supplemented it with a Readjuster as their candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. Then, to complete the absurdity of their position, they declared themselves to be in favor of the full payment of the State debt, but resolved against any increase of the taxes. This is about equal to the position of Hosea Bigelow on the Missouri question, as you may remember, strongly in favor of the law, but against its execution. So the Virginia Bourbons are in favor of paying the State debt but against raising the money to do it with. Of course its platform and its candidates are made to capture the State, and not to carry out any sort of purpose or policy.

Then lastly, came the Republicans. At their convention yesterday they developed into two distinct parties. The larger portion declared in favor of the full payment of the State debt, but inasmuch as they lacked the power to shape the policy of the State, they avowed their determination to support the ticket of the Liberals who were in favor of the equal rights of all citizens, and of a "full vote and fair count" at elections. The Straights did not complete their work, but they will probably make a full ticket to-day. Of course both parties claim to be regular and both have very different objects to serve. Those who go with the Anti Bourbons expect to carry them with sufficient strength to insure the election of their ticket and thus obtain some place in the government of the State. The Straights on the other hand have no hope of defeating any body, but they have some hope of defeating the other wing of the party and thus getting the Bourbons.

It would seem from the reports in the morning papers that the Liberal Republicans were largely in the majority and would have carried the Convention had the Straights consented to act with them. But they were bent on a bolt and bound to have things their own way, or to smash the machine. It's a little too early to speak with any certainty of the result. But it looks as if the Straights had frittered away what strength they originally had and that their powers for mischief would be small. When I left Washington it was generally believed that the Administration would favor the Liberals. I know that the feeling of the leading Republicans was that way, and the failure of the Straights to make a respectable showing of their strength at the convention will certainly settle any doubts that previously existed against them. It is conceded that Mahone is the best political organizer in the State, and the general opinion about Washington is that the great body of the active, working Republicans are earnestly with him. Certainly there is a fair prospect that the government will be taken out of the hands of the Bourbons; and if it should be, the example of the "Mother States" would be exceedingly prejudicial to the "solid South." We cannot, therefore, help sympathizing with Mahone and the party which he leads.

BUCKEYE.

WASHINGTON.

The President Still Lives—Pulse, 114; Temperature, 98.3; Respiration, 18.

Dr. Bliss and Mrs. Edson Will Not Give Up the Case.

Put Everybody Else Seems to Have Lost All Hope.

Commissioner Dudley and the New Pension Bill.

The Census Bureau—Marshals' Fees General News.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.

8:30 A. M.

The President was somewhat restless and vomited several times during the early part of the night. Since 3 o'clock this morning he has not vomited and has slept tranquilly most of the time. Nutritious enemas are successfully employed to sustain him. Altogether his symptoms appear less urgent than yesterday afternoon. At present his pulse is 110; temperature, 98.6; respiration, 18.

11:15 A. M.

The opinion prevails at the Mansion, among those who are thoroughly conversant with the President's condition, that should the temperature after the noon dressing be below the normal point and the pulse become more frequent the gravity of the situation will be increased. If, on the other hand, the temperature should remain normal or decrease a little, and the pulse keep up, the condition will not be considered as materially changed. Stationary temperature and an improved pulse would be most favorable indications. Nothing directly from the sick room has been received since the facts above stated. There is a general feeling of anxiety throughout the City. As usual there are many rumors on the streets, such as "The pulse is increasing rapidly," "It is known that the President cannot recover," etc., etc. There is no foundation for them beyond what has been stated.

11:30 A. M.

Private Secretary Brown came from the surgeon's room a few moments ago and reported the President was then sleeping. No morphia has yet been injected, and there has been no report of nausea since 3 A. M. Two enemas have been successfully administered since midnight. Secretary Brown says the morning dressing showed the wound was in a perfectly healthy condition.

Members of the Cabinet arrived at various times during the early morning. Attorney General MacVeagh accompanied by Dr. Agnew, arriving at the Mansion about 7:30. When he returned from the private part of the house he expressed the opinion that while there was yet no pulse the patient was certainly in a very critical condition.

There is a noticeable despondent expression visible on the faces of those having access to the President's chamber, and the greatest reticence is observed, especially by the attending surgeons, who do not enter the business portion of the house unless absolutely necessary.

12:15 P. M.

Dr. Bliss entered the Executive Mansion a few moments ago to attend the noon examination. On being approached by a representative of the Associated Press, he said in a general way he considered the patient better than yesterday, whereupon the following dialogue ensued:

Reporter—"Well, Doctor, what are the real chances?"

Bliss—"The chances are indefinite. I have not seen the patient for an hour or so, but he was better than yesterday when I last saw him, and of course we take encouragement from that."

R.—"The midday examination will be very important, will it not?"

B.—"Oh, yes, for instance, if the temperature should fall much below the normal point the case would look quite badly, particularly so if the pulse should rise."

R.—Do you expect this?

B.—No, we do not; but of course we cannot predict with any degree of certainty what will be the result.

R.—You do not give the case up, then?

B.—(Emphatically)—No, no, we do not give it up.

R.—Have any intimations been given the family to prepare for the worst?

B.—No, sir; it has not come to that.

The doctor then proceeded to the sick chamber, appearing perfectly calm and composed.

2:30 P. M.

The President has been tranquil and has not vomited since the morning bulletin, but has not rallied from the prostration of yesterday afternoon as much as was hoped. The enemas administered are, however, still retained. At present his pulse is 114; temperature, 98 3; respiration, 18.

4:15 P. M.

All members of the Cabinet with the exception of Sec. Blaine, are now in consultation in the Cabinet room.

4:30 P. M.

The President is said to be holding his own, and this is considered by the attending surgeons to be a point in his favor. Generally speaking, he is at this hour considered in a better condition than he was this morning. Nothing, however, can be ascertained regarding the febrile rise. The members of the Cabinet have been in consultation since 4 o'clock.

MRS. EDSON HOPEFUL.

Mrs Edson, one of the attendants upon the President, retired at 4 o'clock this morning and did not leave the Mansion for her home until noon. Previous to her departure she said that the President's case at this time was certainly very critical, but she still had hopes of his recovery. The trouble with the President's stomach, she said, evidently had nothing to do with the condition of the wound. "Comparatively considered," she remarked in this connection, "The wound is nearly healed." This new trouble, she said, is perfectly understood by the surgeons, and they all have the same idea about it. She said, further, that the President comprehends the exact situation; that he has been told his stomach demanded absolute rest, and that no attempt will be made at present to give him nourishment in the regular manner. The lady, in conclusion, expressed a hope that by to-morrow the patient's stomach would be strong enough to retain something. In response to an inquiry she said the President looks better to-day than yesterday.

HOPE DYING OUT.

The President's stomach still refuses all nourishment. Food injections have only been partially successful, but life cannot long be sustained in this manner. The surgeons stick closely to the patient, watching every movement and hoping for some favorable turn. From all information to be obtained it can be stated that the chance of the President's recovery is very slim. The surgeons do not give up the case, and that is about the best that can be said. The President does not rally one particle. He remains about the same apparently, and nothing can be done to impart any strength. All that people can do is to hope. There is not much in the case now to base hope upon. A spirit of despondency has now invaded the White House.

THE FEELING IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—The anxiety in this City over the condition of the President is hourly increasing, and the streets in the vicinity of the various newspaper offices are thronged with thoughtful-looking men in seach of the latest news. On Printing House Square and Park Row and Wall Street the excitement is most noticeable. The telegraph offices are besieged by anxious seekers after some consoling news from Washington, but the ominous, silent shaking of the head and sad look of the majority denote a feeling of uneasiness painful to witness.

Vice President Arthur passed the morning very quietly at his residence. He said he had received no further tidings from Washington, and did not intend starting for the Capital until sent for.

BY WAY OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16—A special to the Evening Post says: "At 7:30 the President still lives, and hopes are cherished that he will yet recover. The trouble is entirely with the stomach. If its powers are not gone recovery is yet possible. The President passed a comfortable night except that he was troubled by retching about 3 o'clock this morning. He slept well and without the aid of morphia. Dr. Ellis Bliss says the physicians have been troubled by his stomach from the beginning and have from the first treated it with great care. If it can have a rest now by the administration of nourishment by injection, it may possibly be able to resume its functions before the exhaustion gets too great to be overcome. To day will probably be a day of suspense, rather than of incident. The President is disposed to sleep, and nothing will be done unnecessarily to disturb him."

DEATH OF A CONSTANT CALLER.

There will be one less caller at the White House hereafter. Senor General Maximo Jerez, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Nicaragua, died suddenly at his residence. An attache of the Legation hurriedly called at the White House to tell the sad news. The death was entirely unexpected, as the gentleman was about this morning in his usual health. He was present in the depot when the President was shot, and every day since has called to hear the latest news from the sick room.

DR. BLISS'S FINGER.

When Dr. Bliss returned to the White House to attend the midday examination he carried his right arm in a sling. Upon being asked the cause therefor, the Doctor said: "I have received a little pus poisoning." Further inquiry elicited the information that during the operation which was performed on the President Monday morning last, the Doctor accidentally struck the instrument which had been used to make the incision, receiving a small cut on his forefinger. The wound, although slight, became irritated, and is now considerably swollen, and it is supposed that with the cut he received some of the pus which had adhered to the instrument.

VIRGINIA REPUBLICANS.

WASHINGTON, Aug 12.—Virginia Republicans here regard the action of the Republican Convention at Lynchburg as having added great strength to the Mahone or anti Bourbon ticket in Virginia. As Messrs. Wickham, Yost and Willoughby decline to lead the "straight-out" Republican ticket, after having made such a desperate effort to prevent a coalition with the Readjusters, it is believed the colored Republicans will support the Mahone ticket as a choice between Bourbon and Liberal Democracy. Congressmen Jorgensen and Dezendorf, Gen. Wickham, and a few hundred white Republicans who are fully convinced that Mahone's liberalism is assumed for the occasion, as it was in 1869, when he deluded them into the support of Gilbert C. Walker for Governor, will, no doubt, hold aloof from the contest; but the mass of the Republicans, black and white, will prefer Cameron to Daniel for Governor, as Cameron's triumph would break the backbone of the Bourbon party in the Old Dominion, infuse new life into the free school system, place a Republican or Liberal in the United States Senate in place of John W. Johnston, put new blood in the State Court of Appeals, open the way for a speedy settlement of the State debt upon a basis acceptable both to the State and its creditors, and make possible the election of five anti Bourbon Congressmen by removing the restrictions upon the suffrages of negros and the poor class of white people.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—Several of the Republican Readjuster leaders from Virginia are in the city, and are in high spirits over the neat victory they won over the Republicans who fought against the endorsement of the Readjuster ticket by the Lynchburg Convention. They represent that the Liberal party, as they propose to call it hereafter, is now in excellent fighting trim, and will have a square contest against Bourbonism, with no third ticket in the field to waste votes upon, as there was in the last Presidential election. If the Readjusters had supported the Republican ticket then instead of running an independent ticket, their 30,000 votes would have carried the State for Garfield by about 10,000 majority over the Bourbons. The present Coalition ticket, they are confident, will command the full Readjuster vote and all Republicans, except a few hundred. They believe that 1,000 is a liberal estimate of the number of Republicans who will not vote for the Coalition ticket, but that if the number of dissatisfied Republicans be put at 5,000 the combined Republican and Readjuster vote ought, judging from the known strength of both parties, to outnumber the Bourbons by 6,000 votes. The Virginia Liberals in this City predict that there will be one of the old-time "rough and tumble" campaigns this Fall, because the Liberals have youth, energy and enthusiasm in its corps of leaders, and the Bourbons will attempt to draw the color line and fight desperately to maintain their grasp upon the State.

ABOUT THE KILLING OF SPOTTED TAIL.

No particulars of the shooting of Spotted Tail by Crow Dog, beyond the first brief dispatch, have been received by the Interior Department to day. Spotted Tail was expected here next Monday to take part in the conference with Sec. Kirkwood. It is thought his murder was prompted by jealousy of Crow Dog, who envied Spotted Tail the honor of representing his tribe on the present trip. Crow Dog was at the head of the Indian Police at Rosebud, and known to be very ambitious. His victim was just about to leave for Washington when the murder took place. Spotted Tail has long held an important position in the Councils of the Sioux, and his death is thought will have considerable influence upon the affairs of the tribe.

JUDGE CLIFFORD'S SUCCESSOR.

Democrats do not take stock in the idea that a Democrat of the Southern Bar is likely to be appointed to the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Clifford. They insist that there is not the slightest reason to expect that the Administration will go outside the Republican ranks to find a successor. A prominent Democrat said that he has good authority for stating that even before the death of Judge Clifford it had determined to give the place to Chief Justice Gray, of Massachusetts, but he said if this program should be departed from and any one taken from the South it is more likely to be Secretary Hunt than a Democrat. Everybody considers that Judge Hunt is a fine lawyer and an able man.

PUBLIC LANDS AT AUCTION.

The Secretary of the Interior has issued an order that all the lands in the Duluth District, Minnesota, shall be sold at public auction. The lands are heavily timbered, and are very valuable, and it is believed that by this method of sale the Government can realize something more than real value. As soon as he is sufficiently recovered, the President will issue a proclamation to this effect.

EX PRESIDENT HAYES.

In a letter recently received here by a friend of ex-Pres. Hayes, the latter says "We are quietly and pleasantly settled in our home, and have no intention of going to London or elsewhere abroad, as is often published in the newspapers."

BROKERS OR BANKERS.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—There are a large number of brokers in Philadelphia or men who call themselves brokers, whom the Commissioner of Internal Revenue suspects are practically bankers, and are assessable under the law for tax on capital and deposits. Special agents have been sent there and are investigating the matter, and there is a great deal of grumbling in consequence on the part of the brokers. The special agents are also at work in New York, and there has been found a somewhat similar condition of affairs, as well as certain trust companies who are believed to be amenable to the assessments. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has promised to hear the arguments of counsels in these cases, and September 8, was set for their appearance.

TREASURY AFFAIRS.

So confident are the Treasury officials that a flow of European gold will soon set in to the United States that they have begun to prepare for its reception. Over four and a half millions of bullion have been ordered taken from the vault of the assay office in New York to the mint at Philadelphia. This bullion consists chiefly of foreign coin that was assayed and melted up into bars, and there is still some 40 millions of it at the assay office and about the same quantity at the mint, so that it was not needed for the purpose of coinage. The chief reason for its removal was to give room for the next influx from Great Britain, which must soon begin.

CONFESSION OF A MURDERESS.

The sensation attending the discovery of the murderess of the young children killed near here last Saturday is as great as followed the discovery of the crime. The old negro woman, already arrested on suspicion, sent for members of the police force, and made the following confession:

"I was going along the path. It was not God Almighty, but it was the devil that put it in my head to kill them. I could not help killing them. I did not do it with the ax nor the washboard, but with a piece of wood as big as my arm, and about 18 inches long. The children were running about the yard of the house. I struck the one with long hair first, but I don't know how many times I hit her. I saw the ax in the woodpile after hitting them with the stick. What I killed them for I don't know. The devil got into me, so that I could not help doing it. I picked the stick up in the road. I never told any one about it but you and Mr. Archie White. I believe it has worried me some. I have told the truth to you white people. It is the truth from my heart. I threw the stick away down by the woodpile."

She is a vicious looking woman, and has long been regarded as an unruly character. There is no reason for the crime. She had had no difficulty whatever with the family, and the children knew her and showed a liking for her.

She is now in jail. The children killed were a girl and boy, one three and the other six years old.

SPOTTED TAIL AND CROW DOG.

WASHINGTON, August 15.—The Indian Bureau to-day received another report from Agent Cook at the Rosebud Agency about the killing of Spotted Tail. He had arrested Crow Dog, the murderer, and Black Crow, an accomplice, and sent them to Fort Niobrara for confinement until the arrival of a United States Marshal to take charge of them. They will be tried for murder by the laws of that Territory. Agent Cook reports that Black Crow aspired to be chief in place of Spotted Tail and had organized a gang of adherents; that Crow Dog was his chief assistant; that the murder of Tail was the result of a regular conspiracy to get him out of the way and put Black Crow in his place. Black Crow made no concealment of this, but boasted of it. Cook appointed White Thunder as the temporary chief to succeed Spotted Tail, and recommends that Spotted Tail's son be appointed by the interior Department to succeed his father. Cook reports that the prompt arrest of the murderers broke up the conspiracy, and all is quiet at the agency.

PROPOSED NEW PENSION ACT.

Commissioner of Pensions Dudley is considering the advisability of recommending to Congress the passage of a new pension act, which will undoubtedly be a popular one should he finally deem best to urge it. The law contemplated will be a sweeping one—to pension all Union soldiers who were in rebel prisons for any length of time, and suffered the horrors of Andersonville, Belle Isle and Saulsbury. The Commissioner holds that the constitutions of many men were wrecked and that more injury to their usefulness was inflicted in the thousands of cases of starvation than by service in the field or wounds in battle.

He is now making investigations to determine approximately how many names such an act would add to the pension rolls and what it would cost the Government annually should it go into effect. Upon the result of this inquiry will depend somewhat the nature of his recommendations.

CAPITAL NOTES.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue is informed that the Governor of South Carolina has offered a reward of $200 for the arrest of the murderer of Deputy Collector Brayton.

In the case of increased and expedited star route mail service, Allman's appeal from the settlement of the Sixth Auditor to the First Comptroller of the Treasury, Judge Lawrence affirmed the decision of the Sixth Auditor, which was in effect that an increase of 50 per cent. on the original contracts only could be allowed an expedited service and not 50 per cent. on each trip when a route might be changed from a daily to a weekly one.

TOO MUCH LUCK.

A Man Made Crazy by a Lucky "Find."

NEWBURGH, Aug. 15.—John Savage is a contractor on the New York, West Shore & Buffalo Railroad. Lately he discovered somewhere in the mountains near West Point a vein of iron ore, which is said to be very valuable. Yesterday Savage was brought to this City in irons, a crazy man. It seems that he became too much elated over his lucky "find." It was continually uppermost in his mind, and is the cause, no doubt, of his insanity. He has talked of nothing else but his "mine," and has also written to many persons about it. No indications of insanity were apparent until yesterday morning, when Savage went into the office of Justice Avery at Highland Falls and began to talk about having some papers drawn. Suddenly he began to talk incoherently, and then quickly darted out of the office, and up the street, talking and gesticulating wildly, and exhibiting all the symptoms of a crazy man. Among those who set out to capture Savage was Justice Avery, a large, powerful man. The struggle lasted some time, and was very lively. Justice Avery being among those knocked down by the maniac. Savage was ironed and brought to this City on the Albany day boat, where he will be taken care of by the proper authorities.

Welcome Rain—The Corn Crop.

LINCOLN, NEB., Aug. 12.—Heavy rain storm to night, general all over the State; in some sections slight damage. The temperature has fallen 40 degrees since noon yesterday. The corn crop is assured to be a two thirds yield.

ATCHISON, KAN., Aug. 12.—The backbone of the heated spell and prolonged drouth was broken this afternoon by a pleasant shower, followed to night by a soaking rain which bids fair to continue for several hours. Corn has suffered severely from the drouth, and not to exceed half a crop will be produced in this State. The early corn will give a good yield, but that planted late will be a failure.

A Desperate Duel.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 15.—Information has just reached this City of a desperate duel fought in the Indian Nation last week between I. O. Carpenter, a Choctaw Chief, and Col. Amos Price, a prominent citizen of the Creek Nation. Price was killed and Carpenter fatally wounded. Considerable feeling exists over the affair, as both were the most prominent men in the Nation.

TERRIBLE TUMBLE.

Accident on the Grand Trunk—The Engineer Dead at His Post.

The Fireman Insensible—Miraculous Escape of the Passengers.

OGDENSBURG, Aug. 13.—A terrible accident occurred on the Grand Trunk Railway at 3:30 this morning, which resulted in the instant death of the engineer, the serious wounding of the fireman, baggage master, two express messengers, and various injuries to a number of passengers. The train was the 10 P. M. express from Montreal to Toronto, and consisted of six Pullman sleepers, four first and second class cars, postal, express and baggage car. The cars were filled with returning excursionists from Montreal, who were nearly all asleep. The train arrived at Prescott Junction on time, and the Ottawa sleeper was there attached to it. After leaving Prescott there is a down grade, and soon the train was going fast. An obstruction was encountered, and the locomotive jumped the track, carrying the tender, baggage, mail, express, smoking and two passenger cars with it. They ran on the ties, fully a thousand yards, when the engine went down an embankment, the tender passed by, and, together with the express car, landed on the other side of the track. The baggage car went still further on and was thrown off along side of the fence. In fact, every car except the sleepers were thrown upside down. The express car was smashed into kindling wood, while nothing remains of the tender but a few pieces of iron.

It is truly wonderful how the passengers escaped instant death. When the passengers recovered from their fright, search was made for those who occupied forward cars. The engineer, John A. Howarth, of Montreal, was found with his arm around the whistle rope of the locomotive, having blown for brakes twice before he met his death. He was a terrible sight. Fireman William Tayler, of Montreal, was discovered in a field, alive, but insensible. Robert Scarlett, of Montreal, baggage master, was also insensible, but soon recovered. His shoulder is dislocated and an arm sprained.

How the two express messengers—Arthur King, of Toronto, and Wm. MacKenzie, of Hamilton, escaped with their lives, is a mystery. Their car was smashed to splinters, and Mackenzie, although injured himself; bravely rescued his partner. Both are injured internally.

The second class passengers got badly shaken up, and escaped through the windows of the upset car. One French woman threw her two children out the window first, breaking the glass with her hands, cutting her severely. S. R. Hartshorn, of Halton, Mich., was injured in the back and internally. Others suffered with sprains and bruises. The cause of the accident was a cow on the track.

SOPHIA PINKOWSKY'S STORY.

She Tells How She Escaped from the Mines at Siberia.

ALBANY, Aug. 12.—Among the recent arrivals here were Sophia Pinkowsky, Emil Rodisky and Jacob Lindowvinsky, the Russian Nihilists, who stopped for a short time on their way to Montreal. These three people are the remnants of a party of five that escaped from the mines of Siberia some six months ago, and Sophia Pinkowsky said: "My father lived near the suburbs of Moscow; had accumulated a handsome little house and grounds, and when my sisters and myself were about 19 years of age, we were surprised one dark and fearful night to hear battering on our door, and an officer say in Russian, "Open! open! traitors, in the Emperor's name!" My father and we girls were arrested, subjected to indignities, our house ransacked, furniture broken, my mother, an aged blind woman, pushed upon the back of a cart, and, without any provocation we were hurried off to Moscow, divided up into three parties, my two sisters taken before one judge, my father and mother before another, and I before the third. The charge of secreting traitors, and intending to hold treasonable meetings in our house was preferred against us.

"My father and mother were released; my sisters—well!—their life was worse than a living death, and I, more determined and bold than the rest, promised obedience to the conditions extorted from me a price for my freedom, and succeeded in escaping, and finding my sisters safely guarded, each one in a house of a different noble and totally inaccessible to me. I sought out my parents (all of my movements had to be done secretly, and through the aid of the noble people which I afterward joined,) to ascertain that mother had died of starvation and father was insane. What could I do? To condense my story, let me say I joined this people's constitutional party; have taken a womanly part in all of their liberty-seeking movements; was arrested, tried, sentenced to the mines of Siberia; escaped, and am now on my way to join other friends."

Referring to Leo Hartmann, she said he is not now, and never has been in this country, being in Paris on July 15.

END OF A ROMANCE.

Marrying His Nurse and Finding Her Also the Wife of Another Man.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.—Application was made to Justice Kenna, of Brooklyn, through counsel, by James H. Ridgeway of Middletown, Conn., for a warrant for the arrest of his wife, Mrs. Ridgeway. It was stated that the couple were married early in the present year, and that the husband had learned three weeks ago that his wife had a husband living in Brooklyn.

The wife is about 35 years of age, and good-looking. She nursed Ridgeway, who is 50 years old, through an illness, and on his recovery he married her. When he learned that she had another husband he immediately separated from her, and his object in seeking her arrest was to secure himself against any possible future trouble from her. When Justice Kenna learned that the second marriage had been contracted in New York he said that, under the recent ruling of Judge Moore in the Cousins case, a person cannot be proceeded against in Brooklyn for a bigamous marriage contracted in New York.

The warrant was refused, but advice was tendered to make application to a magistrate in this City. By advice of his counsel, Mr. Ridgeway determined to seek in Connecticut for an annullment of the marriage.

Garfield's Letter to His Mother.

HIRAM, O., Aug. 14—The following letter is a verbatim copy of the President's letter to his mother, the first he has written since being wounded:

WASHINGTON, D C., Aug. 11, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER—Don t be disturbed by conflicting reports about my condition. It is true I am still weak and on my back; but I am gaining every day and need only time and patience to bring me through.

Give my love to all the relatives and friends, and especially to sisters Hitty and Mary. Your loving son,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Mrs. Eliza Garfield, Hiram, O.

Dr. Thomas Accused of Heresy.

CHICAGO, Aug. 15.—The Rev. Drs. Jewett and Hatfield, who were appointed a committee of the Rock River Conference to formulate and prosecute charges of heresy against the Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., have performed their work. The charges are brief and accuse the Doctor of denying the inspiration of the Scriptures, denying the doctrine of the atonement, and teaching that of a probation after death. The trial will be held in Chicago next month.

A $40 Twenty-Six Shot Sporting Rifle for $15

AN EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN.

THE EVANS TWENTY-SIX SHOT MAGAZINE SPORTING RIFLE.

SHOOTS 26 SHOTS IN 60 SECONDS WITHOUT REMOVING FROM THE SHOULDER.

No hammer in the way. Throwing down the guard EJECTS LOADS and COCKS. THE EVANS is without exception the most accurate, longest ranged, easiest loaded, quickest fired, best constructed, simplest and most perfect breech-loading Rifle in the World. The new model and latest improved EVANS MAGAZINE SPORTING RIFLE is exactly as represented in above cut. It is .42 Calibre, centre fire, 28 or 30 inch barrel, engraved black walnut stock, finely checked and pointed, graduated sights up to 1200 yards, at which distance it is more accurate than any Rifle in the world. The magazine which is located in the stock as shown in Cut Number 2, Contains 26 shots, or more than double the number of any other Repeating Rifle in the world. The working parts are ALL OF STEEL, of the finest quality, case hardened and tempered, and fitted and finished in the most perfect manner when loaded, THE EVANS is positively SAFE TO CARRY when loaded. Owing to the failure of the Evans Rifle Co. we were enabled to purchase their entire stock of $50,000 worth of perfect Rifles for less than one-third the cost of manufacture, and as these beautiful and expensive Rifles can not be made cheap enough to compete with cheaper Rifles they will not be made again. This will be your last chance to secure one at the low Price of $15 and we pledge our business reputation that they cost to manufacture double what we ask for them.

UNTILL FURTHER NOTICE we will send one new model Rifle as above described carefully boxed for only $15 and when cash accompanies the order, will send a BOX of reloadable Metalic Cartridges and samples of the new phenix 3 ball cartridge, a great invention in amunition with which three balls can be shot inside a 12 inch ring at 100 yards. SEND MONEY by P. O. order or Registered Letter at our risk, or we will send the Rifle C. O. D. (collect on delivery) with privilege of examination before paying, upon receipt of $2.00 of your express agent's written guarantee that the Rifle will be returned to you if you do not take it, but we do not send the Cartridges if sent C. O. D., as this is an extra inducement to those who send Cash with Order. WHAT IS SAID OF THE EVANS! UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS! "The Evans has been my constant companion for two years. I have shot 60 ballseos at one run, and pennies from between my wife's fingers, at 40 paces.—Kit Carson, Jr. "The Evans is simply immense. I am proud of it."—Joseph Arnold, Vice president First Nat. Bank, Lockport, N. Y. "I have used the Evans in competition with the Sharp, Winchester, and Ballard, it beats them all."—J. Frank Locke, Burnamsville, Minn. "It shoots like a house a fire. I can clean out a whole band of Indians alone with it. I shall recommend them wherever I go."—Texas Jack. "It is the Strongest Shooting Gun I ever put to my shoulder, and as for accuracy it can't be beat. I know it to be the best Rifle in the market."—A. Boyd, of Yates Centre, Kansas. We guarantee every Rifle perfect in every respect. THE EVANS SADDLE RIFLE, similar to the above, except a trifle lighter and 22 inch barrel, price $14, including swivels and straps. THE EVANS can be used as a single shot breech-loader and the magazine held in reserve if desired. Price of reloading tools for reloading shells, $3.00. Regular size Rifle for target practice, $10. Fifteen different sizes of Cartridges can be reloaded many times. ORDER NOW, every one of these Rifles will be sold at once. Never will we ever get another such bargain and you can readily sell it for $30 to 40, and we hereby agree if the rifle is not exactly as represented to refund the money in every instance and pay you $5.00 for your trouble. SPECIAL OFFER. Any one ordering such this month and sending us $5.1 will give five Rifles for $20. Reference: Any Bank, Mercantile Agency, Express Company, or Newspaper Publisher in this City. Address E. C. RIDEOUT & CO. 10 Barclay St. N.Y.

VIRGINIA POLITICS.

Mahone in Full Possession of the Republican Party Machinery.

A Disgusted Darkey, Who Wanted to "Try, Try Again."

LYNCHBURG, Aug. 12.—The effect of the Straightout movement will be to strengthen Mahone with the negroes, and four-fifths of them will vote the Readjuster ticket. A few of the prominent white Straightouts have announced their determination to vote for Daniel, the Democratic nominee, who stands upon a platform for paying the ascertained debt of Virginia. Others of the dissatisfied element will not vote at all, but in neither case is this likely to effect the result. That Wickman will use all his influence against the Mahone ticket cannot be doubted. In every move made by the Coalitionist convention the hand of Mahone has been seen. The new Chairman of the Executive Committee elected by the Coalitionists is Jas. D. Brady, who lives in Petersburg, Mahone's home, and he will there fore be merely a figurehead, Mahone being the Chairman de facto of both the Readjuster and the Republican Executive Committee. Mahone is shrewd enough to know that any opposition to him on the part of Federal officeholders will soon disappear. He is known to be vindictive towards his opponents, and invariably gets them ousted whenever he has the opportunity. The only officeholder who has made any active fight against him in the Convention is Arnold, a mulatto connected with the postoffice, and who yesterday announced that he would vote for Daniel's little finger before he would for Mahone. It is understood that Mahone has been making an effort to get him out, but so far has not succeeded. The Readjuster Senator is not likely to forget Arnold's designation of any offers coming from him as "faded flowers coming from Camille."

The result of the talking on the part of Yost and others after Wickham's declination had the effect in a measure of pacifying many of the colored delegates, but there were some who wanted to make a nomination anyhow. One of them quaintly said: "Mr. Chairman, dar am a piece of poetry what say, 'If you don't at first succeed, try, try agin,'" and the homely aphorism was received with cheers by the colored portion, not only as a tribute to the sound sense therein contained, but to the learning of the delegate, who, pleased at this commendation of his literary acquisitions, went on, "An de historian have tole us dat Stonewall Jackson, when surrounded by de hottest fires, stood like a stone wall."

He then nominated George Wilson, the colored Chairman of the Convention, for Governor of Virginia, and Wilson, not at all disturbed, put the ques tion and himself decided that he was beaten by a small majority. This is the first time in the history of Virginia that a negro has been put in nomination for Governor. Wilson is a well to-do negro of Norfolk, and was an original Readjuster, but claims that the Mahone party deceived the negros, and therefore he will under no circumstances vote for him. In his speech to-day he denounced Mahone, and also said Brady was a traitor who could be had as long as the barrel held out. The Readjusters are jubilant at the result, but they have trouble before them. Some of their leaders recognize that this coalition with Republicans will unify the Democrats and give them trouble. Mahone will put out his full force of Readjuster canvassers at once with a view of overcoming this embarrassment.

A CRUEL HUSBAND

Compels His Wife to Work in the Harvest Field, and Has Her Arrested for Insanity.

BEDFORD, Ind., Aug. 12.—About the 1st of last July George Brinkworth, a farmer living in this County, had his wife sent to the insane asylum at Indianapolis. After remaining in that institution a few days the controlling physicians found that she was not insane, and about two weeks ago she was sent back home. To-day her husband had her again arrested, brought to the City, and lodged in jail on a complaint averring that she was insane, and had attempted to kill him. Parties who live in the neighborhood assert that Brinkworth is a very cruel man, and compelled his wife to work in the harvest field during the recent hot weather, from the effects of which she suffered sunstroke. Two of the most distinguished attorneys in this place have volunteered their services in behalf of the unfortunate woman, and a writ of habeas corpus will be issued to-morrow, and the matter brought before

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Nothing in the nature of an exchange will be inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD unless accompanied with a remittance of 10c.

Home Talks.

Some time ago, in the early Spring days when everything was just budding and blossoming into life, we talked to our Household about working out of doors, planting a garden and caring for it, anything to insure fresh air and the breath of Mother Earth which are so necessary for physical health and strength. From the letters that come each week we are sure that many of our friends are tasting the delight of seeing things grow under their fostering hands. Just now, and indeed from this time on until Winter winds and snows drive all within doors, there is not so much to do in the garden, so that there is danger of obtaining less of the glad sunshine and life giving oxygen than is well. It is true that while the intense heat lasts, quiet rest or light employments with doors are best, but the weeks will quickly flit by when there is danger of sun strokes or sickness from exposure to old Sol's fervid rays.

Then comes the most charming season of the year, when it is a perfect delight to be out of doors. And there are so many ways in which this can be managed, so as to combine pleasure and profit, if by the latter term the beautifying of home for the long Winter can be understood. The forest trees are all aglow with crimson and gold mingled with russet brown and evergreen. The gathered leaves, so beautiful, may be dried so as to retain their vivid hues and then formed into wreaths and running vines upon the walls. We saw once a room entirely encircled by such a vine running around just below the ceiling, and producing upon the light background a most exquisite effect. Then there are the soft, feathery ferns to be collected, pressed, and arranged about the pictures. Vases are to be filled with grasses of which such a beautiful variety is to be found in many localities.

Another pretty thing for Winter is an indoor fernery which can be prepared with so little trouble and expense, and will grow with the smallest modicum of attention. We saw one last Winter entirely of home manufacture and it made a perfect little bower out of what was otherwise a plain room with scanty furniture. It consisted of a shallow box 20 by 30 inches perhaps—the size does not matter—lined with tin and filled first with a layer of pebbles and over them sand mixed with earth. Over this was fitted a frame into which common window glass had been set, making a tight cover that could be lifted on and off. Moss and ferns had been planted here and a begon's which needed a large amount of heat and moisture. The growth was luxuriant, and all that had to be done was to give the earth and plants a thorough weekly watering. The frequency of this, however, depends upon the dryness of the room and the height of the temperature. If anyone prefers, regular fernery cases can be bought at a comparatively trifling expense, but we never saw the ferns and moss thrive better than in the one we speak of. They should be gathered and started within the next few weeks.

These are only a few of the things which women can do to keep out of doors for the next three months. The woods and fields are full of wonders, that will well repay those who look with interested gaze for what may be found. And the result will be to send the blood in a rich current through the veins; to make the eyes brighter, the steps lighter, and life more beautiful all through the coming winter. Anything that builds up health adds to the sum of happiness, and it is just this building up of which American women stand so much in need.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

A Query—Answer Wanted.

I wonder how many husbands who read this paper, ever give their wives any money, without obliging them first to ask for it; and I wonder, too, why men who are kind and thoughtful in other respects, should be so careless in this. Of course there are some women who are extravagant and spend money foolishly. They are exceptions, however. I mean the men who have intelligent, economical wives, whom they trust with their honor, their children, their home, who know that women as well as men need money occasionally, yet who never, or hardly ever, give them a dime without being asked for it. Perhaps it is thoughtlessness in some, but have they any right to be thoughtless in this respect?

I have the kind of husband who is a model in most respects, temperate, neat in his habits, and we love each other dearly. He is now in prosperous circumstances, with an income of at least $1,000 a year. He provides liberally for the home, I have liberty to buy for the house, children or myself, what is needed, and he never finds any fault, never refuses me money when I ask for it if he has it, nor says like some, what do you want it for? Yet, in the 15 years we have lived together, it has been a very rare thing for him to give me money without being requested to, though he knows very well how I dislike to ask, for we have had a good many talks on the subject, (pleasant ones.) He thinks I am foolish to feel that way and different from other women, and that I should be thankful to get it by asking. Yet, after knowing that I do feel that way, why does he not respect my feelings, instead of obliging me to ask like the children for every dime? I have felt almost desperate sometimes, and tried to think of some way I could earn money without neglecting my house and children, and without his knowledge. He would feel hurt to have me work to earn money, for he thinks as I do, that any woman who has a home and children, who takes care of them and makes it pleasant for them, discharges her social duties, does what she can for the poor and sick, has done her duty, and has no time nor strength for other work. In our early married life when we were poor, I took a boarder for several years, stayed at home and worked hard, with young children to care for, even served for my wash woman to help pay for the washing. But I never had a cent extra for my extra labor; could have had I presume if I had asked, but I never did that. I had my board and clothes. My husband worked hard at the same time, and was kind to us. He has always been that.

I have nothing to say to the husbands who are mean and cross when their wives need money; they are contemptible. I sincerely pity their wives, but of the good husbands who trust their wives and expect to provide for their wants I ask, why do you, in defiance of good sense, good breeding, and the golden rule, oblige them to ask you for every cent they spend; or go without?

If it is only 10 cents a week, do give it willingly. She will feel more independent, and respect you more. Some men give their wives an allowance. I honor them for it. I have seen hard-working, saving women ask their husbands for money to buy necessary things in a shrinking, frightened way, as if they were committing a crime, and be refused! At the same time the husband was spending 10 or 15 cents a day for cigars. It is a shame! Some are even worse—scold and swear. Let them put themselves in our places; how would they like all their lives to ask us for the money they spend? They would find it simply intolerable. I believe all women feel indignant in their hearts at times if they don't say so. Let us hear from the readers and editor of the BLADE on this subject. I want to say ever so many things, advice to ask and give, if this is kindly received.

AUNT FANNIE

We most heartily indorse all that "Aunt Fannie" says upon this subject, as those friends know who read our editorials upon 'Home Troubles." The matter seems at first glance of little importance and yet it lies at the root of the unhappiness in many families. It could be so easily remedied by a little thought upon the subject on the part of the husbands.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Some Words for Iowa.

People on the eastern side of the Mississippi are apt to think Iowa is not much in advance of the far Western Territories in the way of civilization and social advantages.

We read in a popular magazine not long ago, an article setting forth in pathetic terms the hard lives of Iowa farmer's wives. We are at a loss to know how the writer gained her information, for, taken as a class, our farmers and their families live as well and enjoy as many advantages as do their Eastern brothers. There are here as everywhere some selfish, sordid men who sacrifice everything to money-getting, regarding wives and children as little more than slaves to aid in this endeavor. But these are the exception rather than the rule, and the country is in no way to blame, for they would live just such uncomfortable lives, no matter where their homes might be.

Upon every hand one sees evidence of thrift and energy. Perhaps nothing we could say would illustrate this better than an extract from a letter written by a lady visiting here to her friends in the East.

"When we arrived here it was rather a surprise to us to see our cousin drive up to the station to meet us in a stylish vehicle, for we rather expected to see an ox-cart or at best a springless lumber wagon. We passed over a smooth road about a mile in length and saw on either side neat farm houses and substantial barns, set among blooming orchards and splendid fields of growing grain. Sleek, well fed cattle were grazing in green meadows and great fat hogs moving lazily about in shady lots. We saw no "dug outs," no, not even a log cabin with the additional pack of hungry dogs and ragged children about the door. We paused at last before a large house in front of which was a grassy yard with tasteful shrubbery and flowers in profusion, and alighted to enter a well furnished inviting room, in an hour more were seated at a table upon which was spread a most delicious repast. The table linen was as white, the silver as bright as one could wish; but alas, there were no wild plums stewed in sorgum molasses, no wild honey, no buffalo steak, and no corn bread, and our peaceful slumbers afterward upon a spring bed in a well ventilated room, were not disturbed by the howling of hungry wolves, or the war whoops of blood-thirsty Indians, but occasionally in the early evening hours we caught strains of music from the Village band, not far away, or organ tones from a neighboring farm house."

Almost every Village has a Public Library and they are well patronized. And not to be out done by our sister States of the East we may as well mention that nearly all have their beer saloons, but we look forward hopefully to the time when a legislation will prohibit this accused traffic.

Human nature is the same everywhere and while one meets refined, intelligent people he can also find ignorance where ever he goes. While visiting a friend in a neighboring town not long ago we were amused at a little episode. A man happened in to chat a while in sociable way and casting his eyes about exclaimed, "Well John is it possible you hev bin sich a fool as to buy one of them ere cyclones. I thought you hed more sense" John looked rather startled for a moment but the wife who had seen his gaze fixed upon the new encyclopedia smothered a rising laugh and answered 'Oh yes and we are not sorry, for it is almost a library within itself." FRANCES.

A Budget from over the Mountains

The suggestion in regard to getting up readings is a good one, worthy of being practically carried out. This is what we have done in this place, which is an ordinary little country town with one church and one school building. A year and a half ago half a dozen ladies met by request at the house of one for the purpose of organizing a literary society. We appointed a chairman, knowing that was the regular thing to do. Did we then proceed to Parliamentary rules and usages to organize? Not we, for what did we commonplace home-bodies of women know about such things? I don't mean that we did not really know, but such things were so foreign to our natures—no, not that, exactly, but to our habits of life that if we touched upon any formality we became frightened and tongue-tied. So we chatted away like so many magpies, making our plans and appointed a committee to draft a Constitution and By-laws to be submitted for adoption the next week. At the next meeting the number in attendance was somewhat augmented, there being a few men present. The Constitution and By-laws were criticized, revised and adopted, and we organized with 12 members. We meet every week having a regular order of business, followed by miscellaneous literary exercises. We charge a small initiation fee, also, small monthly dues.

At first very few men would join, and many were the remarks about town, about its being a mere "woman's get-up," and many the prognostications of an early failure. But they came in gradually, the doctors, lawyers, editors, teachers, merchants and, in short, all the elite of the town with their "sisters and cousins," etc., until we have, now, a membership of about 75.

We rent the Odd Fellows' Hall, and have a library of about 175 volumes, to which we are constantly adding, the funds for the same being derived mostly from public entertainments, oyster suppers, picnics, etc. One of our first rules was to go in debt for nothing; though if we purchase a piano, as we contemplate doing, we shall be obliged to go in debt for it to some extent, but shall make it help pay for itself.

Besides the inestimable privilege of having access to a good library, we are constantly learning something, and now we "home-bodies of women" are not at a loss when necessary to speak in or preside over a meeting.

No Town can fail to profit greatly by such an orgsnization. Try it and you will never be sorry.

California. LOU T.

Pleasant Words.

I was thinking this very warm day of the editor and her tasks, and trying to imagine how I should like to exchange places for a few days with some one just to see if it was *work, work* everywhere in this beautiful land of ours. No doubt she wearies of the endless letters, the bad penmanship the poor spelling, etc. Last but not least to be obliged to write the required column for next weeks paper. But how would she enjoy being up in the morning early just at the peep of day straining the milk in the dairy" and doing the hundred and one things necessary to be done in every farmer's household. Then there is dinner to get for the busy harvesters. By the by I believe their appetites are among the many wonders of the world. Then on washday and ironing day, I do not envy anyone. I begin to believe in the practice of other nations (those that wash once in six months) if it would not require so many articles of wearing apparel.

But not as it is, it is not too hot to admire the lovely flowers. I have a bed of verbenas and geraniums that would surely take the ribbon or cake, whichever it might be. You can scarcely see the ground as it is so nearly covered with leaves and flowers.

I was a little interested in the correspondence question. Not long after I wrote you I received a letter from Iowa from some one who thought perhaps I might prove to be a relative. I replied, and since then have received some very nice letters from a person I never saw or do not know as I ever will see. I fail to see half the dismal views some of the correspondents have depicted. What is your private opinion? Is it wrong if both parties enter into the correspondence with well-defined purpose? KATE W. AULD.

From Kansas.

The first settlers of Kansas were mostly poor people, and as their claims indicate were often ignorant and shiftless. Most of their houses were built near water, regardless of health or location. I have seen some places where these abodes once stood that would almost make one sick to think of living in such low, dismal places. Of course they were sick. Foul air and poor living naturally bring on disease. Chills and fever prevailed. But few had the knowledge to locate the cause, consequently the State got the reputation of being unhealthy, but since others came in and have built better houses on high ground and use pure water, we have no more of chills and fever.

There are many nice little streams here yet they mostly have muddy beds, and some are of quicksand. The little streams usually dry up or stand in holes during the dry weather of summer. There are also deep holes of standing water on higher ground where sloughs would be in other States. These holes are called buffalo wallows. It is said that buffalo wallow in mud and water in hot weather, and these places were made by them. Some of the larger ones are now little ponds several feet deep, much of the time almost brim full of water and over laid with pond lily leaves. At the proper season the lilies are quite numerous. Many of the springs are about as warm as creeks, yet there are some very fine ones, cold and clear, but they are too far from a good building place to be of good service. There are exceptions of course. I do not think water is as cold here on an average as many other places, but when we get used to it we do not notice the difference. Wells are mostly quite deep and those that can afford it use wind wheels to draw with. It is not uncommon to have four or five in sight at once on high prairie and I have seen seven, but in most sections water can be had from 30 to 60 feet and often sufficient supply for all farm animals as well as house use. Yet there are people who fix a barrel light to a small sled and haul water the year round for house use and stock is driven twice a day year after year, rather than dig a well.

There is no game to speak of here now. A few common rabbits, a few scattering jack rabbits some prairie chickens, and once in a while a flock of quails. There is the prairie wolf, the same here as in other States, and once in a while we hear of a timber wolf, in the Southern and Southwestern part of the State. The cougar and panther are sometimes met with, and timber wolves are more common. The worst enemies we have are rattlesnakes. There were 28 killed by my family in one Summer. The friendliest one was curled up behind the cook stove, dividing his attention between the progress of breakfast and the little ones dressing a few feet away. He fought savagely when attacked. The burning of the prairies in warm weather catch a great many away from their holes and destroy them.

Much of the soil here is quite tough especially in the most level country, yet it produces well, but if the surface is very level this kind neither stand drouth or wet, as well as more rolling land. There are also spots embracing a few feet or yards, as the case may be, of soil so tough a plow can scarcely be made to cut it. It is very poor and always badly in the way, yet it makes the finest material for marbles, mud pies, biscuits, cookies, etc. The little folks can get up a company dinner on short notice out of this material. It is called gumbo and a gumbo farm is not much liked, but much of the land is of this kind.

CITIZEN.

Her Advice.

I see, notwithstanding the editor's gentle hint that it would be well for the members of THE HOUSEHOLD to provide themselves with a book of recipes, and so leave more room for something else, there are still many anxiously inquiring the way to cook. It does seem as though we could fill an allotted space with something of more importance, more elevating, than the all absorbing question, "What shall we eat?" Still, if we must be so vulgar as to have appetites, in spite of all that poets have sung, to be able to prepare our food nicely is a thing not to be despised. The growing tendency to improvement in the art of cooking, should, at all times, be encouraged. I doubt not that the recipes that have been furnished from time to time have proven useful to many. And there is a sort of pleasure, after all, in knowing how to make good bread mold solid, golden rolls of butter from snowy cream, etc.—a pleasure, I own, I would willingly forego when the mercury is raging so mercilessly in the nineties as it is at the present writing.

Some time ago I noticed that "Mollie" wanted recipes for rusk and currant breads. I thought at the time that I was the correct person to supply them. Although she has been twice answered, I still think so. But when I came to write them down, I found it so tedious to explain how it was; that she must be sure to have good yeast, and not forget to frost them; besides naming the quantity of sugar, plus butter and eggs, that I concluded the editor must needs have more than the patience of Job to ever get through with her task; and I say, "Sisters, get 'Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes.'" LAURA.

Intemperance.

Intemperance is one of the greatest curses of the country. How is it to be overcome? I believe we can only find an answer to the question, by giving woman the right to vote; and then I believe some way will be found to prevent the sale of the accursed beverage—alcohol. Woman is the greatest sufferer from its work. If we could only see all the misery she endures, from the use of intoxicating liquors when indulged in by members of her own family, it would be truly appalling; and the man who is guilty of indulging in liquors, is not worthy to have a wife! I have often wondered what a respectable girl can be thinking of, when she accepts the attentions of an intemperate young man; and if she marries him can she not see what suffering and humiliation she is bringing upon herself? When she has the opportunity to see what other wives and mothers with drinking husbands have to suffer, isn't it strange that she will willingly accept such a man for her husband? It would be better, by far, to never marry. Yes a thousand times better.

Girls, why will you accept the attentions of a young man who takes a glass occasionally? You certainly know it leads to ruin, and if you marry such a man, you must and do know that you are bringing trouble down upon your head in great measure, and needlessly too. If you will not accept attentions from fast young men they will soon find it out, and abandon the glass if they care for you, and the result will be a better class of young men. Let the drinking and smoking young men become unpopular among you.

Like Mrs. Galpin, I am very much dissatisfied with Gen. Grant, to say the least. F. H. D.

Questions and Answers.

In your issue of July 14, W. S. Gissinger, Parker, Andrew Co., Mo., asks five questions, which I will try to answer.

I reside in Southwestern Minnesota, on the Southern Minnesota Division of the Chicago & St. Paul Railroad, eight miles north of the Iowa line, and about 40 miles south of the W. & St. P. R. R.

1. Coarse grain and roots grow well here, but this is a poor wheat country. Sheep and cattle pay better than grain raising.

2. Last Winter was very long and cold, with plenty of snow. Snow fell Nov. 12, and there was good sleighing from that date (except when the snow was too deep) until April 16. During February and March snow was three and one-half to four feet deep on the level, and around houses, barns, and where it drifted in the timber, from 10 to 20 feet deep.

3. Farm hands get in Summer from $16 to $20 per month; Winter, $8 to $12, and are always in demand. Carpenters $2 50, blacksmiths $2 00, and day laborers $1.50 per day.

4. About the middle of July.

5. Can not answer this question, but think there is no Government land in this State on the Winona & St. Peter Railroad.

Having lived in Minnesota 28 years, I can say our Winters are the worst thing we have to contend with.

C. L. BOTDRYE.

Rose Lake, Martin Co., Minn.

Mocking Birds.

"Clara G" asks how to raise Southern mocking birds. As I have learned, by the kind instructions of friends, and am raising two that were brought me in the nest, I feel it my duty to let my light shine.

They are a native of Colorado, some of the most beautiful singers I ever heard having been wild native birds imprisoned here. Feed them hard boiled eggs and boiled potatos, mashed very fine together; no salt in anything, it is sure death to them. Very little water until they can drink it themselves; one drop a day, while you feed them, is enough. Put a little cayenne pepper in their food, every other day, or even every day. Guard against cold; cover up in a neat while small; avoid all drafts, by hanging in a warm room, and closing the window at night when larger. House flies may be given moderately, and I feed mine one feed of corn meal, wet with water, while waiting for their potatos to cook in the morning. Feed once an hour until they are old enough to feed themselves; one mouthful at a time made into an oval, smooth ball; hang in the sunshine an hour or two each day. This is a great deal of trouble and requires a constant oversight for several weeks, but they will repay it all by their beautiful songs, if you will persevere until they are old enough to sing. They are frequently sold here for $50.

MRS. T. R. W.

Greenwood, Custer County, Col.

Spelling Schools.

"Bob Arthur" desires rules of order for spelling-schools. As only orthography is taught, and no studying is done on such occasions, less strictness should be required than in day schools. Allow moderate freedom except after the spelling is commenced, when no noise nor other disturbance should be permitted, until the exercise has closed. To insure good order during the spelling, pronounce in an ordinary tone, and give out each word but once. Avoid all partiality, exhibit no temper or boisterousness, make the fewest needed rules and enforce the few made. Outsiders sometimes participate, but for the time being they should consider themselves members of the teacher's own school. Spelling schools rightly conducted give one a knowledge of advanced orthography, which he may never otherwise acquire. But they should not take the place of written lessons in the day school. We spell chiefly when we write; and we largely detect false orthography by the wrong appearance of the misspelled word. The writer once spelled down four district schools before he was 12 years of age. Then he could spell any word in Webster's spelling book. Now he would soon fail. EX-TEACHER.

A New Comer.

Will THE HOUSEHOLD welcome a new comer to your pleasant circle from away down here in Egypt? They say he is a queer fellow—odd, a regular old fossil, old fossilized Farrell, because I am off among the hills and rocks picking them up and collecting them together. No it's the rocks I am collecting. The hills are already collected together all around me. High bluffs towering above the tree tops, while the little brooklet runs noisily over the pebbles at my feet. A grand country for the student of nature among the scenes of ever changing interest and beauty. Here in the ledge above our heads is the trunk of a tree, possibly a lepidodendron, one of those beautiful plants of the carboniferous age, but now as solid as the Rock of Ages. In this bed of shade are some queer little crinoids, some loose hanging little crinoids called by scientists *pentremites troosti*, which lived in the seas of the lower carboniferous. And this is not all. See those handsome little corals and hundreds of minute forms that once inhabited the seas of ancient time.

It fills me with joy to see the wonderous works of nature, and it affords me great pleasure to be one of her students. F. M. FARRELL.

Cobden, Ill.

Inquiries.

Will some one send me the song ballads entitled the "Rulers Daughter? It is translated from the Bible. I think a part of the chorus is "The Maid is not dead she is only asleep." Second. "Gorrena's gone forever." Some few words I know of it. It is, "Then weep, oh weep, for the grave is deep and Gorrena's gone forever." I will be very much obliged to anyone who will send them to me. Address MRS SALLIE GAY, Wedowee, Randolph Co., Ala.

Can any reader of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me anything in regard to vinegar eels? How do they germinate? Is it because when the liquid is left open to the action of light and air some insect reaches it? Do they die when the vinegar is made and ceases to work? —N. D. B.

Will some one please tell me where I could get the "hair wavers" that were recommended to "Ira" last week and oblige—LOTTIE HERRICK, Delta, O?

They can be obtained at a good hair store in any City.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some one tell through THE HOUSEHOLD what will take mildew out of muslin?—LIZZIE.

Will some one please tell me how to make apple jelly on a small scale from apples, not cider? Also how to make a horn backcomb and ornament look bright and new?—ADDIE SUTTON, Independence, Kan.

Will some one of the readers be so kind as to give the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD a good recipe for making black and violet ink?

Will some reader of the BLADE please send me the words to the following songs entitled, "Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane," "My Grand Father's Clock" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold?" Address Everett Bonta, Curveton, Cass Co., Ind.

Will some friend of THE HOUSEHOLD department give, through THE HOUSEHOLD, the first four lines of the last verse of the song "Katy Wells," and oblige a subscriber?—E. C. STOWE, Garden Prairie, Boone Co., Ill.

Please ask some of the kind friends of THE HOUSEHOLD to send the following named songs: "Widow in the Cottage by the Sea," and the "Old Musician and His Harp" to J. N. Stockham, Sedan P. O., Scioto Co., O.

As one of the BLADE'S old time friends I take the liberty of asking the advice of the editor. My good wife and I seem strangely at variance in our social ideas. She is all for staying at home. Very seldom calls on our neighbors, (being of English extraction.) Her life is too exclusive. I hear of my wife's unsocial ways so much and so often that it annoys me very much. Should she not act differently to please her husband?—C. T. AYERS.

The proper thing it seems to us would be for both to yield somewhat of their likes. Certainly she should not refuse all society, but overcome her repugnance to going sometimes to please you, who in return ought not to demand the sacrifice of her feelings too often.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will somebody inform me where I can obtain a book called the "Spanish Teacher?"—J. J. W.

Inquire at the nearest book store.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE living in Arkansas or Southern Missouri, give, through THE HOUSEHOLD, a description of the country, climate, vegetation, society, churches, schools, etc?—A READER.

Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the words of the following songs: "Down on the Swanee River," "The Old Log Cabin in the Lane," "The Home on the Hill?" Will any of the ladies who have had trouble in wearing colored hose, by their causing an itching, skin disease, give a cure for the same? Also a remedy for a child who is affected badly with hives and boils? We have doctored without success, and they still continue to come.—MRS A. T. DEWEY, Glenwood, Mills County, Iowa.

Will "Rhoda," the writer from Oregon in the paper of July 12 send her address to—MRS. JENNIE J. WOODMAN, Chautauqua County, Kansas?

I wish some information. First, the address of "Mississippi" in paper of June 30th as I want to go South this Winter for health; second, the address of Jacob Reed who when last heard from was in Vinnitti in Indian Territory.—THOS N HOLLOWAY, Whiteheath, Piatt County, Ill.

The season for pickling, preserving and canning is at hand, and I for one, will be very glad to see reliable recipes for all such work. I hope, however, none of them will require brandy or ardent spirits of any kind, as we know not to whom we may be offering the spark that will kindle a raging fire. I particularly wish to learn how to make "chow chow," "pickled lily" "catsup," "sweet pickles" and how to pickle ripe cucumbers.

I would also be glad to know where I can get "Turkey-red knitting cotton." The merchants here failed to find it, still I see it named in articles on domestic work, but no one tells where it can be obtained. I have written several large establishments in the cities but they reply they do not keep it. I ask for no "free advertising" but if some one will tell me in what city it can be had I'll write to every house in that city—if necessary.—L. P. H.

Answers to Inquiries.

If "Mamie" will give me an address by which a letter will reach her, I will give her information for painting on silk and satin, as it is too lengthy for publication.—KATHOLEEN SMITH.

In the Weekly BLADE of August 4, "X. Y. Z." asks some one to tell "Luther" a good cure for asthma. I am told there is no cure for it, but I am entirely relieved if not permanently, cured, by two cups a day for two or three days, of tea of the leaves of the troublesome weed in garden and cornfields called "Cuckle," sweetened with brown sugar or syrup. This weed is also called "pitch forks," "Spanish needles," "stickthighs," and other local names; bears bunches of seeds about half an inch long, narrow, flat, and adhere to our clothing by two tiny fork tines. The weed cures heaves in horses.—ASA B. KNAPP, Maple Park, Kane Co., Ill.

If some one wants to ornament a wooden or pasteboard frame let them save all the snail shells they can find, and varnish them, and glue them on the frame.—KITTY M.

In answer to "D. M. A." in Inquiries in the BLADE of Aug. 4, "Somebody's Darling" was composed by Mrs E. K. Crawford, and published by S. Brainard, Cleveland.—R. P. MASON.

I have received from readers of the BLADE several copies of "Tramp, Tramp," and several postal cards. I thank them all for them.—A. MORTON.

Some one asked for a recipe for canning tomatos. I have tried this with success: Scald the tomatos, peel and slice them and cook well; season with salt and pepper, and cut up. I will also send a recipe for pie plant jelly: Gather in August, peel and cut in pieces an inch long; cook in a very little water till done and squeeze through a coarse towel; boil 20 mins and strain through a fine cloth; add 1 lb. of sugar to every pint of juice and boil again 20 mins.—ADDIE SUTTON, Independence, Kansas.

Some one inquires for an asthma remedy. I will give a very simple one that has helped me and I have known others relieved by it. It is dew from the grass in the month of May. Take a clean tin dust pan, pass it over the grass lightly, turn into a dish in your other hand; repeat the process, and sometimes a pint can be obtained in this way; strain and let it settle, then drink before eating in the morning.—Mrs. A. R. S.

To take mildew out of muslin soak the goods in sour buttermilk for two or three days. Another recipe is a weak solution of oxalic acid—one teaspoonful to a pail of soft water. Soak one night, then wash and hang out in the sun to dry. —WIDOW BEDOTT.

If the lady who wants her hair to wave prettily will wet it in the white of an egg and bind a cloth around her head until dry, it will stay waved all day. Wet the front hair real wet with the egg and take a large comb and pull it down in waves.—EMER.

Recipes.

TO CURE WARTS

We have seen several recipes, but as they are all of materials that have to be used with great care, we offer one which can be used with impunity and produces no soreness. Apply 2 or 3 drops of the oil of cedar to each wart four times a day and they will disappear in from two to six weeks.—W. A. GROUGHRIDGE

BREAD CAKE.

When your bread is light enough to mould into loaves take a lump as large as a pint cup, put it in a warm, dry crock; add 1 cup of white sugar, ½ cup of butter, 1 grated nutmeg and stir them altogether to a smooth paste; then add ½ cup of sour cream and 1 teaspoonful of soda and flour enough to form a stiff batter; grease the cake pan and pour it in and set to rise until light, and bake as you do light bread. Several kinds of seasoning may be used together if liked. I never use eggs in this cake or in light bread rolls or biscuit.—FARMER'S WIFE.

Exchanges Wanted.

F. M. Farrell, Cobden, Union Co., Ills., will furnish to any one who will write to him a list of the geological specimens which he has for exchange.

Mrs. J. W. Barron, Sycamore, DeKalb Co., Ills., wants to exchange patterns of complete outfit for infant, also for child's first clothes, also for suits for boy of three years for flower seeds, bulbs, roots of any kind or strawberry plants.

Little Dorrit, Box 95, South Saginaw, Saginaw Co., Mich., wants to exchange patterns for fancy work for fresh flower seeds of all kinds. Choice varieties preferred.

We have received a letter from a gentleman in Michigan stating that he is the author of the poem "Land Poor" published in THE HOUSEHOLD Home Talk last week and attributed to Robert Collins. That was the name attached to the printed copy sent us, and we used it accordingly. It was, doubtless, a *nom de plume*. The sender requested the republication simply because she liked the poem and no claim was advanced to it's authorship.—ED HOUSEHOLD.

Our Young Folks.

MOWING.

Into the fields both young and old
With gay hearts went:
The ghostly fields all green and gold,
All flowers and scent
And first among them old man Mack,
With his two grandsons, Harry and Jack—
Two eager boys whose feet kept time
In restless lashing to cuts rolling
Sharpen the scythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.

There are tasks that boys must learn, not found
In any book—
Tasks on the harvest and haying ground,
By wood and brook—
When I was young one few could bring
Into the field a cleaner swing
But you must take my place to-day,
Cut the grass, and scatter the hay
Sharpen the scythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.

Straight and clean is the only way—
You'll find that out—
In other things than cutting hay,
I make no doubt.
So be sure through the nodding grass
Straight and clean with your scythe to pass;
It is far better than any play
To mow the grass and to toss the hay.
So sharpen the scythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.
—*Harper's Young People.*

HOW TOM RAN THE ENGINE WITHOUT WOOD OR WATER.

BY CHARLES BARNARD

Once upon a time a rich man built a school for boys, in which they might study surveying, engineering, mechanics, and the sciences one needs to know to be a railroad man. This man began life as a train-boy, and steadily pushed his way up to be fireman, engineer, master-mechanic, and finally President of a railroad. He often said his own chance in life would have been better if he could have gone to school when a boy, and learned from books about steam and engines, levels, inclines, and curves, before he undertook to fire a boiler or take a locomotive over the road. As it was, he got his education by hard knocks, heavy work on the engine's foot plate, and weary toil in the machine-shop. So it happened he built the school close to the repair shops of the road of which he was President. He put good teachers and good books in the school, and then opened it, free, to the sons of the brakemen, conductors engineers and other men employed on the line. In the school the boys were to study the science of the railroad and locomotive, and then, if they afterward went to work on the road they would not have such a hard time as the train boy who became President.

Twice every year the President offered a Waltham watch as a prize to the boy in the school who should write the best composition on any subject connected with the things they had been studying, or anything in relation to engines or railroads. Tom Staybolt, whose father was conductor on the night express had been in the school three years, and had tried five times for the prize, and lost it every time. Tom was regarded by all the scholars as the brightest boy in the school. He stuttered in his speech, and his handwriting was as stiff as a switch-rod, yet he was always at the head of his class. You could never trip him on any knotty questions as to whether the cylinders were on top of the boilers or under the tender. He knew the name and use of every bit of metal in an engine, and it was believed by all the boys that he was a good engineer, and could take his father's train right through to the Junction, without running past a red light, or wasting steam on the down grades.

The semi annual prize had been announced, and nearly every boy in the school was busy over his composition.

"I-I-I-s no use, b-b-boys. I shall not try for the p-p-prize. I can't write and I never can t-t-tell—tell what I know. If they would give a prize for doing something, I think might g-g-get—get it." Tom was a great favorite in the school, and not one of the boys laughed at this speech. They were taught manners, as are mechanics, in that school, and the boys well knew that what Tom said was true. They might write compositions and get prizes, but when it came to doing the things, why, Tom Staybolt would beat them all.

The day of the prize-giving drew near, and every boy save Tom was hard at work over his composition. He had tried five times, and each time the teacher had said his composition was very bad indeed, with the wrong words, awkward sentences, and punctuation that was truly awful. Now it happened that the day before the prize was to be given, a new locomotive arrived on the railroad, and stood without wood or water, on the track of the repair-shop yard. It had been hauled up on the freight train, and had never been used on the road. After school a number of boys went over to the yard to see the new engine, and among them was Tom Staybolt.

It was a first class passenger engine, built for high speed, and looking very handsome in its new paint and shining brass work. There were several men looking at the engine as the boys came up, and they gathered round to hear what might be said.

"An empty engine," remarked one of the men, "always seems to me a very helpless thing. It is so big and heavy, it is impossible to move it without steam power, and yet it will not only move itself, but will drag many times its weight at 40 miles an hour over the line."

"It is not the engine that moves," said another man. "It's the wood or coal and water—the fuel and steam. If it were not for the fire and water inside, it could never move at all."

"I can make her go without w-w-w-wood—wood or water."

This remark caused a laugh from the boys, and even the men smiled at the absurd statement. One man came over to where Tom was and said, "How would you do that, my boy?"

"I'd rather n-n not—not tell."

"Why not?"

"Because I n-n-never t-t tried—tried it."

"Oh, you mean you think you could, but you have never proved your theory by experiment."

"Y-y-yes—yes, sir."

The men and boys became wonderfully interested in this conversation, for it was clear that Tom Staybolt knew what he was talking about.

"Do you belong to the Railroad School?"

"Y-y-yes—yes sir."

"You mean to try for the prize I suppose?"

"No, sir. My hand writing is as crooked as a ram's h-h horn—ram's horn."

After that, nothing more of importance was said, and the boys, having looked over the engine to their heart's content, went home.

The next day at 10 o'clock the entire school was marched into the lecture-room of the school building to see the prize watch given by the President to the boy who had written the best composition. All the teachers were there, together with the fathers and mothers of the boys, visitors and people connected with the railroad. The prize-giving was regarded as a great event along the line, and every man, from engine-wipers to directors, wanted to be on hand to see whose son carried off the prize. At 10.15, railroad time, the President and the Honorable Directors, with their wives and daughters, marched in and took seats on the platform, while all the boys stood up as a matter of respect to the founder of the school. It was altogether quite a grand and ceremonious affair, and was for the boys an impressive occasion. When the directors and the ladies were seated, the boys sat down. Then there was a rap each from the head-master, followed by one from a director, and one from the President's wife. Then it came the President's turn to give out the prizes. All the compositions, neatly tied up in red tape, were laid on the desk, and when he took up the brushed them all one side, as if he did not care much for compositions. His speech was short and very peculiar:

"Ladies and gentlemen, and boys of the school, I have carefully read all the compositions, and, while I think they are all excellent, I have decided that the one to win the prize shall be open to those who did not write a composition."

This was a great surprise, and the boys wondered how this was to be done. They knew the President was a just and honorable man, and would do nothing unfair; so they accepted what he said in silence, though those who had written the compositions were, of course somewhat disappointed.

"Yesterday," continued the President, "I heard one of the boys say he could run a locomotive engine without wood or water. If he can do it, he shall have the prize. Is the boy present?"

There was a solemn hush in the room. Every one looked about, and wondered if the audacious and foolish boy was there. Of course it could not be done, and the President had taken this means to punish him for his vain and idle boasting. As for Tom Staybolt, he felt ready to sink through the floor. Something must be done about it, and in a moment he stood up, and said, in a clear, manly voice,

"I said so, sir; and if you will give me the engine, and Jerry Smith's Mogul, I'll do it."

The sudden appearance of little Tom Staybolt, pale and yet calm, and too clear voice without a defect, caused a great sensation, and every one turned in wonder to look at him. Some of the ladies wanted to know what the boy meant by "Jerry Smith's Mogul," and the gentlemen with them explained that it was a heavy freight engine of the "Mogul" pattern run by Mr. J. Smith.

The President called Tom up to the platform, and for a moment or two there was a whispered conversation between Tom, the head-master of the school, and the President. Every one looked on with great interest, and wondered what would happen next. Tom seemed to have convinced the two gentlemen that he knew exactly what he was talking about, for the President smiled and shook Tom by the hand, and then stood up and said to all the people:

When I heard Master Staybolt say yesterday afternoon he could run the engine, I resolved to give him a chance. I therefore ordered a train to be got ready, and I now invite the school and all their friends to go to the station. We will take the engine out on the line, and Master Staybolt shall try for the prize by running the engine a mile without wood or water. The engine has never been used, except on its trial trip, and there is not a quart of water in the boiler or tank, nor a pound of coal, or so much as a match, on the tender."

This proposal was received with the greatest enthusiasm and the entire company, ladies and gentlemen, teachers, boys, and all, marched down to the station, and took a train of cars they found all ready for them. A heavy "Mogul" engine backed up and took the train over to the repair-shop yard, where the new engine stood. Several of the directors got out and examined the engine, and declared there was no fuel in the tender nor a drop of water in the boiler. The train was backed up to the front of the engine, and it was coupled on. Everyone got on board, and the train hauled out of the yard, and took the main line, with the engine trailing behind. As for Master Staybolt, they put him on the engine, and made him ride there all alone.

Tom didn't care; in fact, this was just what he wanted. The train ran at a good speed for about 10 miles into the country. Then it stopped, and every body hurried out to see the performance—or the failure. The road just here was

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Keep the Work Ahead.

There has been some excuse for being behind with work during certain portions of the present season, but we should have caught up before this, brother farmers. The Spring was so late that work was necessarily be hurried, and for a time it looked as if confusion and backwardness were to be the order of the day. But there is an end to all things, and there came one to that unfortunate state of affairs. We got our crops into the ground, and our time and hands were free to devote to other duties. But the matter has doubtless stirred that some people are always behind. They do not get their wheat and oats sown and corn planted until everybody else is done; are a week or ten days behind in cutting their hay or harvesting their grain, are in fact always in the rear. This sometimes is the result of a lack of system, sometimes of a deficiency of executive ability, and, occasionally, perhaps, of indolence. What ever the cause may be matters but little for the inevitable result of such a course is failure. Two farmers living side by side, often are the widest apart in degree of prosperity. Their farms may have been originally equal in point of fertility and other natural advantages, but one of these men will prosper from year to year while the other will go backward all the time. The one that is prosperous is always alert and always on time; he is abreast with the foremost. No other man in the community gets his crops in sooner, and no other one cultivates them more promptly. The natural consequence is clean tillage, good crops, and a properly saved harvest. The other man has four times as much work to do, and a vast deal less reward. He does not give his crops an even chance with the weeds, which are well started even before his planting is done, and then by neglecting to cultivate as soon as he might, he finds when he does get at it that what might have been an easy job has become a desperate one. Weeds do not rest. They are what would be called enterprising, if their activity in growth were a part of human action. They leap upward and root downward, and many a farmer simply by neglect, has often found them to be determined enemies.

The man who is always behind often finds it a costly and disagreeable business to gather the harvest. He don't get into the wheat or oats field until, perhaps, the winds and storms have come and lodged the grain, nor into the corn field until Winter, with all its rigor, is upon him. To say nothing of the losses which occur from the damage to the crop under such circumstances, the work is trying and unpleasant. Surely farm work is hard enough under favorable circumstances, and its severity should not be augmented. Good farming necessitates promptness, and the best of us have been sufficiently neglectful sometimes in our experience to know how unprofitable it is. The neglect of some little duty on the farm, which, if promptly attended to, would have required but a few moments' time has often required several hours' time.

We should be so thoroughly up with our principal work that the minor matters on the farm can at all times receive attention. Nothing should be permitted to get away from us or with us. Neatness about the premises should always be kept in view; and in this connection we desire to remark that a farm will never be neat while the roads are permitted to be overrun with weeds, not to say bushes. Every farmer should endeavor to kill the weeds along the roads on which his farm lies. Now is about the time to cut them down—a little late for some of them—but slash them down anyhow, and next year begin at the proper time. It is distressing to ride along a road which is densely fringed on either side with weeds and bushes. Not only this, but their seed ripens and is carried on to the farm to furnish additional work the next season, or to injure pastures and hay.

If we examine ourselves very carefully, we shall find that our neglect of either large or small duties in farm life, is largely habit—carelessness has become a habit; and like all habits, it will not be easily broken. But it can be nevertheless; any habit can be reformed. If we will adopt a system of life, and carry it out to the letter, year after year, we shall soon find that it will become natural, and we will always be up in farm work, and always attentive to the little things about the premises.—*Western Rural.*

How Hides are Taken Off and Salted.

In the abattoirs of this city the flayers of cattle use in taking off the hides a knife with a straight back and keen edge, broad at the haft, but tapering up almost into a point at the end. The hoofs are first taken off at the first joint, a piece of the loose flesh at the throat cut out, an incision made in the neck, and the knife run down through the middle of the belly and the center of the lower side of the hair tale. The animal, which, up to this time, has been lying on its back, is inclined a little to one side, being supported in that position by a prop under the downwardly inclined fore-quarter. Beginning at the neck, the flayer runs his knife carefully along until the hide is taken nearly off the side which is uppermost, then the animal is rolled over on that side and propped up as at the beginning, and the same flaying operation is repeated on the part which was downward at first. Next a wooden support, about four feet long, six inches deep and two inches wide, having a large iron hook in the middle adapted to be fastened to a rope for hoisting purposes, is run through incisions made in the hind legs just above the first joint; the rope is adjusted to the hook, and the carcass lifted up by a windlass, when the projecting ends of the joist are supported by cross beams about nine feet from the floor, and the body hangs suspended therefrom. One of the workmen now grasps those portions of the hide which have been taken off the sides of the animal near the neck, and another takes a large butcher's cleaver, and using the back, not the edge of the instrument, by repeated blows frees the skin from the rest of the carcass, while it is pulled off by the first workman. Great care is exercised in the process of flaying, as the workmen are subjected to a fine for each cut and score on the hide.

When freshly taken off the hide is worth about eight cents per pound. In this state it is sold to the salters with the paws and tails on. The salters place them in beds of about 600 each. The floor of the salt room is generally cemented, and the bottom layer of hides is laid with the hair side down; the salt is then sprinkled on the flesh side, and another layer is put down in like manner until the bed is complete. The hides are usually left in the salt room from ten days to two weeks. The salt used must be of good quality and ground rather fine, as in case a lump of even the size of an egg is left upon the flesh side it will eat into the hair of the hide placed above it and very seriously detract from its value. It takes about 180 bushels of salt, worth from 32 to 35 cents per bushel, to each pack of 600 hides. When the hides are taken out of salt they are well shaken and folded, first double lengthwise, and then wrapped up in four or five folds. In some cases salters contract their hides to tanners by the month or year, and settlements are made at the end of each month on the basis of the average ruling prices during that period. It is now, however, becoming customary for them to sell each lot to the tanner or dealer who will pay the highest figure at the time of delivery.

In some of the abattoirs where the butchers do not do their own salting, the salters hire the pens and make no charge to the slaughterers, but receive the hoofs of all the animals killed in lieu of other compensation. In the Jersey City abattoir the salters pay $1,000 per annum for each pen, affording accommodation for 15 animals at a time.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Economy on the Farm.

Judicious economy is commendable in every business or sphere of life and should be studied and practiced on the farm. Extravagance is simply another name for waste, and wastefulness is a sin against ourselves and our families. Of late years there has been a growing tendency in this country toward a useless expenditure of money to maintain style, which, when it exceeds neatness and comfort, is all nonsense and waste. In walking along the street a few nights since, we saw a man riding in a light two-wheel rig, and driving two horses tandem. It was the first tandem team we had seen for a long time, and it suggested to our mind, what such toomfoolery always does that the owner had more money than brains. Against such style and extravagance of like character, it is the duty of sensible men to set their faces. Farmers do not usually descend to such silliness as this, but in many cases, perhaps, they are improvident and careless in the matter of expenditures. They should have all that is necessary for comfort, for no man in all this world is more in duty bound to treat himself and his family well than the farmer is. Their work is arduous, and they deserve the best in reward for their toil.

But there is such a thing as false economy, and it is about as bad as extravagance. On a trip through the country the other day, we saw many rich and elegant farm, with but a bare apology for a house, and no barn or other building whatever on them. A shed covered with straw, and we presume in Winter enclosed with straw, served for a barn, while the hogs, if there were any, and the chickens, if chickens were kept, were provided with no shelter at all. This, no doubt, is often considered economy, but, although it bears that name, it is far from being economy. No business can be carried on successfully without the necessary tools and implements, and suitable buildings on the farm are in the nature of tools. If a carpenter enters upon his work without a saw, an auger, a plane, or a hatchet, or if he enters upon it with tools that are worn out or dull, it will take him two or three days to do one day's work, and his economy, if he calls it that, will be no economy at all. Better he should expend a month's wages for a proper outfit.

So with the farmer. He cannot do as well without things to do with as he can if he is fully equipped for his business. His stock should have proper buildings, and unless it does have them, they will annually lose him a heavy percentage, especially in our long, cold Winters at the North. Not to speak at all of appearances, which are worth a good deal, "straw barns" are not what the farmers of our rich agricultural West should have. In the older sections of the country, there is really no excuse for not having good and convenient buildings. In newly settled portions, of course the farmer has to do the best he can. We earnestly hope that no reader of this paper will try to get his stock through another Winter without providing it with suitable protection. The fatality among stock last Winter ought to be a sufficient warning.—*Western Rural.*

Fed Dairy Cows Liberally.

We believe the dairyman should study how he may produce all the food necessary for his cows upon his own farm, and that he should make all the provision that an intelligent foresight can do; but he should never suffer his herd to go with deficient food, even for one week, for this he cannot afford to do. And that we may encourage him to be liberal, even when his pasture is short and he has no extra green food for them, let us compare the cost of nutriment in some by-product, such as bran, cotton-seed meal, linseed meal, corn meal, etc., some one of which the dairyman may always find near at hand, with pasture grass. Pasture grass has about 80 per cent. of water, and the nutriment of 100 lbs. of it is supposed to be worth 21 cents. The nutriment of 19 lbs. of fine bran is just equal to 100 lbs of pasture grass; 10 lbs of cotton seed meal, 12 lbs of linseed meal, or 19 lbs. of corn meal, is equal to 100 lbs of grass. Now, 100 lbs. of pasture grass is a ration for an ordinary sized cow per day. If the pasture, then, is short one third or one half, or in any other proportion, it is easy to make up this deficiency by feeding some one or several of these foods, which are so easily handled. It is seldom that more than one third would have to be fed to make a full ration on short pasture. Let us suppose the dairyman to be feeding 7 lbs. of fine bran; this, at $8 per ton, would cost 2.8 cents per day, or about 19 cents per week. Now, the extra milk per week produced by this bran would much more than pay the cost. If he should feed, instead of bran, 4 lbs. of linseed meal, it would cost him about 28 cents per week; or if 3½ lbs. of cotton-meal, it would cost 22 cents per week; or 6½ lbs. of corn meal, it would cost from 20 to 35 cents per cow per week. If he has the command of all these, let him make up a ration nearly as follows: 4 lbs bran, ½ lb. linseed meal and 1½ lbs. corn meal to each cow per day, which will, in most cases, cost only 20 cents per week, and will keep a generous flow of milk till the Fall rains renew the pasturage, and then the extra food can be discontinued. We have known many who have used an extra ration similar to this during short pasture, and never found one who reported it unprofitable. The ration may be varied to suit all circumstances. Corn meal will be found cheap in some localities, but it is always best to mix some bran with it; and in most parts of all our broad dairy belt bran will be found the cheapest extra food to make up for short pasture.—*National Live Stock Journal, Chicago.*

"The Touch" or "Handling" Quality of Cattle.

In judging of cattle with reference to their quality as beef animals, ocular inspection is useful to a limited extent, but, certain it is, that a blind butcher or other expert will make a better selection of cattle either for immediate slaughter or for feeding than one judging solely by the eye. The hand is deftly placed upon the ribs and rumps and passed along the loins and the loose flanks. A gentle pressure is given by the tips of all five fingers in a way to ascertain the softness, pliability, elasticity and mobility of the hide. This is accomplished both by the pressure and by a slight thrust given to the fingers, and ascertained by the "sense of knowledge" which is begotten by experience. The hand also grasps the hide over the ribs, taking up a handful by which its thickness is perceived, and the other points of quality confirmed.

No one with a modicum of experience can thus handle a few "beef critters" without observing notable differences in their skins, the unctuousness of the coats of different animals, the softness, thickness, and pliability of their hides, and the amount of fat which underlies the skin. He will perceive also a difference in the coarseness, softness, harshness and woolliness or fairiness of the hair, and this is a disturbing factor in forming a correct judgment as to the quality of the beef, until one learns to allow for it.

Health is indicated by the skin being in a condition to perform its important function, hence it should be soft, flexible and elastic, and there should be enough of that oily or soapy secretion which gives unctuousness to the coat. It should also be free from lumps or ridges, and uniform over the fleshy parts of the body.—*Rural New Yorker.*

To Break a Horse from Pulling at Halter.

Take crupper, attach two strong lines to it, run the lines through the loop in the cirsingle and through tae rings on each side of the halter, and tie to a post, or anything strong. When the horse pulls back, he does not pull by his head, but by his tail, and he will drop his tail and step forward. He will not try to pull many times before he will give it up.

CROWE PICKED.

A Blasted British Spy Steals His Memorandum Book.

Adjournment of the Convention, Without Accomplishing Anything.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.—Last night's session of the Irish Convention was one continuous wrangle. The fund alleged to be squandered is composed of $200,000, collected by the Clan Nagaels, and the $92 000 skirmishing fund.

Crowe makes the astonishing statement that the infernal machines about which so much has been said, cost just $70 for the entire lot, and that the scheme of sending them to England was a put up job, by which a member of the United Irishman's Society secured a reward of $10,000, he having notified the British Consul in New York of their shipment. The $10 000 obtained from the British Government has gone into the Irish fund, to be used against Great Britain.

The Times of Tuesday says: The mysterious gathering of Irish delegates from various parts of the world still continues to hold forth at the Palmer House. Instead of showing a disposition to finish up their business and go home, they have settled down for an indefinite time, and have telegraphed for many of their distant friends, who are daily arriving. It has been very clearly demonstrated that this is a genuine Irish gathering, wherein anything but peace, harmony, and unison may be said to prevail. It shows in a strong degree that spirit predominating in every Irish assembly or organization in this or any other country, wherein sectional strife and personal jealousies are allowed to interfere with the best and most laudatory undertakings. That same spirit which has gone so far toward disrupting the Land league organizations of this City by producing a quarrel as to whether the money raised should be sent to Ireland through one bank or another has been present here also. At the end of yesterday's work the appearances were somewhat in favor of the O'Donovan Rossa crowd. The arrival of several recruits from the East and the final withdrawal of some of the Western delegates rendered that conclusion the more certain.

The Convention made two efforts on yesterday to select a Finance Committee, the first being early in the day, when there was an energetic display of very bad blood, the Eastern section demanding the control of the Committee, on the alleged ground that the Western wing did not show the interest and genuine enthusiasm that it should. It was also strongly hinted that the Western delegates cared more for advancing the political interests of themselves or friends than for the cause of the down trodden people of the Emerald Isle. During the morning session, W. J. Hynes, W. W. O'Brien and other Western delegates took their final leave of the body, the chairman vacated, and O'Mera Condon, an ex-Fenian prisoner, of Washington City, took the chair, and Dr. William Hoere, a well known local politician of Lowell, Mass., was made Secretary.

About noon several suspicious looking packages were smuggled into the Palmer House and into the Convention hall, and when a reporter inquired why such things were allowed, the office was thrown into quite a commotion. One of the clerks said that such doings were against the most positive rules. When asked what he would do with a suply of infernal machines and models in the hall, he said that the room was secured with heavy iron vault doors and combination locks, and the members of the Convention had secured the hall for an indefinite length of time, and he was afraid no one could get into the hall until they had finally adjourned.

The nature of the packages was more fully realized in the afternoon, when Mr. Crowe was seen going to the hall. Whatever they really consist of, his visit was presumably for the express purpose of showing and explaining the working of some of them.

The committee appointed to investigate the charges against George J. West, a delegate from Providence, R. I., reported that they had confined the evidence to members of the convention, and that Mr. West should be requested to withdraw from the body, which he did.

The committee on future action made a very lengthy report, which was laid on the table. Whether such action was final or not could not be learned.

AN IRISH-AMERICAN'S VIEWS.

A reporter of the Times met an Irish-American gentleman of extensive travel the world over, and a man thoroughly conversant with the affairs of his native country, both in this and past ages, and withal a conservative thinker. He said that while other nations succeed in conquering and annexing territory, and by forcing the language, manners, and peculiar characteristics of the victors upon the conquered, they become in time nationalized, and ultimately lose all trace of their former characteristics; but in spite of all efforts of England to Anglicize the Irish people during the centuries past, they still remain Irish and nothing but Irish; that this fact has had a tendency to exasperate the noble rulers of Britain, and many of them would be overjoyed at seeing an opportunity by which the populace could be practically wiped out of existence, hoping that in their place might grow up a people more pliable and less obstinate. This gentleman said that the immediate outlook for the farmer of Ireland, both mechanic and farmer of England was anything but bright. With America crowding English productions out of all the principal markets of the world, and the farmers paying 30 shillings per acre for land an which to raise grain and stock in competition with the better land in America, which is practically rent free, presents a very serious outlook for the people. The landed aristocracy of England, who are virtually the ruling class, fully realize that America is wholly responsible for the present condition of British agricultural and manufacturing interests. And should an event occur that would involve England and America in a *passage d'arms*, while they would part with millions of their capital to carry on the war, in return they would realize double rent for every acre of land, and the British navy would invest every port, and prevent American productions from going to foreign markets, thereby again giving them control of the markets of the world as in former times.

"Fenianism," he said, "would have died an easy and natural death in '65 had the Government let it alone; but when it seized and suppressed without the usual warning The Irish People, the action was denounced and there followed a panic throughout Ireland. The same may be said of the Land-league movement, and England is greatly worried over the evidences of sympathy for this movement found throughout this country. The agents and spies of the British Government are numerous in this country, many of them being stationed in Chicago, because this city was known to have been the birthplace of Fenianism, and is looked upon with great suspicion by every bold Britisher. And there is no doubt that there are many men in America to day who would furnish any amount of money if only trustworthy and shrewd men could be found who would carry out the plans of the revolutionists."

CHICAGO, July 11.—The Irish convention has probably adjourned *sine die*, although there remain a number of those who control the fund. The convention, unable to get a statement from the trustees of the fund, the more reputable delegates, including most of those from New England, withdrew, headed by Dr. Hoare of Lowell and Capt. O Meager, of Washington, and they have gone home. The convention practically ends the Clan Negael Society. There is no doubt honest men were in the majority in the convention, but they were unable to control the others, and hence there was no possibility of harmony.

The *Times* of Wednesday says: "A little incident occurred on Monday in the lobby near the entrance to the convention hall, which was most successfully smothered at the time, but which has just come to light. The introduction may be made through the following which appeared in an advertisement:

$100 REWARD. FOR MEMORANDUM and Sketch book, with nine letters enclosed, taken from my pocket at Palmer House this morning, no questions asked. Return to the name on book at Palmer House; will pay twice as much for book and contents as anyone else offers. T. C.

By following this clue it was found that one of the inventors and manipulators of infernal machines had exhibited several of his plans to the ultra revolutionary parties, and being desirous of convincing his hearers of the entire feasibility of the plan he was advocating, and to demonstrate to them that the particular machine under consideration could be made to explode in a baggage car on the London underground railway while said car was immediately under the Parliament house, he reached into his pocket for his book containing the plans, but found it missing. After hastily searching all his pockets and finding nothing of the book, he, in his bewildered astonishment, turned upon one of the party of listeners and declared his willingness to make oath that he was the culprit. Passion and hot blood were the immediate consequences, but they soon concluded to proceed with a bit of caution and quietness. They all proceeded to a room close by, where each man was stripped and searched in vain. Here was a dilemma they were not prepared for, as the book contained plans of various explosive machines, the names and addresses of the builders, the names of prominent dynamite patriots in various places in this country, several important letters to the inventor—in fact a regular abbreviated encyclopedia of dynamite and its adjunct. Active search is being made, but the facts are hushed. On Monday evening, an agent of the British Government at Washington made a very hurried departure for that city over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, his departure being even more hasty than his arrival but 24 hours previous. It has been thought well for the agent that he hurried away, for any one of the machines that were said to have been exhibited on Monday and Monday night could have blown him, his train, and all hands to Davy Jones' before they could have passed the lake front.

A DRUNKEN MOTHER'S END.

Deserted by Her Children She Finds a Refuge in the River.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—The Police of the Twenty-Second Precinct yesterday morning at 6:15 o'clock found the body of an unknown woman floating in the North River at the foot of Forty-Fifth street. The body was clothed in a calico dress, an old slipper was on one foot, and a dilapidated shoe on the other. The deceased was apparently about 40 years of age. Her face and forehead showed several bruises, and at first it was supposed the woman had been foully dealt with. Subsequently the body was identified as that of Mrs. Mary Fischer, a lady living on the upper floor of the tenement No. 438 Fifty-Third street.

The case of the dead woman reveals a sad domestic history. A few years ago she was a respectable married woman, possessing a marked degree of comeliness. Her husband died, leaving her with two sons and a daughter. Disheartened by her troubles Mrs. Fischer took to drink, and the former happy home became the scene of frequent carousals. When the two boys were old enough to earn a livelihood they quitted their home but the daughter, now a young woman of 20, remained with her mother. Mrs Fischer grew worse and worse, pawning not only her own, but her daughter's clothing. At last the mother was continually in an intoxicated condition and the daughter was forced to leave her. This was four weeks ago.

"Never mind," said the victim of rum, when her neighbors spoke of the children. "In three or four weeks they will hear of me if not from me."

The landlord obtained an order of ejectment, but found nothing in the rooms except a pail and brush, and a 10 cent piece on the mantel.

At 3 o'clock yesterday morning the neighbors heard Mrs. Fischer pacing up and down her room. A few minutes later they heard her go down the stairs, and that was the last they ever heard of her alive. Just before daylight a boatman at the foot of West Fifty-fifth street saw an aged woman come on the pier talking to herself in a maudlin manner. She plunged with little hesitation into the water, her head striking a sunken cable, which bruised the face and fore head. A few hours later the body floated to the surface, and was identified.

SEEKING DEATH WITH A PEN-KNIFE.

A Brooklyn Merchant Attempts Suicide with $1,200 in His Pocket.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—When Kate Dunn, a chambermaid at the Brandreth House, went to room 97 yesterday afternoon she found the door locked. As the room had been unoccupied for some time she thought this strange. She stood on a chair and peered through the transom light, when she saw a man extended on the bed in a pool of blood. She alarmed the clerk and the door was burst open. On the bed lay Bernard Strauss, a dry goods dealer of No. 213 Johnson avenue, Brooklyn, bleeding from self-inflicted wounds.

Earlier in the afternoon Strauss had asked for a room, and registered as Bernard Strauss, of Jersey City. With a penknife he cut a jagged wound in the neck, about an inch long, and three-quarters of an inch deep, and also cut himself in the arm at the elbow, both wounds severing several of the blood-vessels, from which the blood flowed freely.

He was removed to Chambers street Hospital in an ambulance. He handed Dr. Murray, who attended him, $1,200 in bills. The wounds are not necessarily of a fatal character, but the man was greatly exhausted from loss of blood. The would be suicide is a German, 43 years of age, and married. His brother in law called at the hospital last evening, in response to a dispatch, and denied that Mr. Strauss was financially embarrassed. The latter would give no reason for his attempt at self-murder.

A Strange Disease Among Sheep.

NEWCOMERSTOWN, Aug. 11.—A strange disease has suddenly made its appearance among the sheep in this vicinity, and some farmers are complaining of the fearful mortality among their flocks. It is totally unlike any ailment that has ever made its appearance here, and fears are entertained that it may prove to be an epidemic. When the disease manifests itself, the sheep are observed moping around, and then they shortly drop dead. The farmers are applying all the remedies possible to check the fearful ravages of the scourge, but are, so far, only partially successful.

Temperance in Alabama.

MONTGOMERY, Aug. 11.—The State Temperance Convention lasted two days. Executive Committees for the State and each County were appointed. All attempts to make the question a party one were voted down. Among the resolutions adopted was one of regret for the shooting of the President, and expressing sympthy with him and hope for his speedy recovery.

An Unnatural Mother.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 11.—Laura Newton, a young unmarried woman living near Hillsboro, was committed to the County Jail yesterday charged with killing her two weeks-old infant. At the preliminary examination testimony was procured showing that the inhuman mother had killed the child by cutting off its head.

The Vote in North Carolina.

RALEIGH Aug. 11.—The News and Observer has official returns from 73 counties, giving 98 965 majority against prohibition, with 24 counties to be heard from. Haywood gives 21 majority for Prohibition. So far it stands alone.

AN AGED VICTIM.

A Cargo of Damaged Cotton, Choice Wines and Teas "Gone Glimmering,"

And a Rich Old Boston Merchant in Sackcloth and Ashes.

BOSTON, Aug. 10—Mr. Daniel Goodnow, a rich old merchant on Commercial street, has just been victimized to the extent of $25,000 or $30,000 in a remarkable manner. The old man occupies the top story of the building No. 1 on that street, as a storeroom for an almost innumerable variety of goods, which he buys at auctions, bankrupt sales, etc., and resells usually at large advances. Among his recent investments has been damaged cotton, of which he purchased an immense quantity. He also laid in a big stock of wines, liquors and teas. Some weeks ago a man claiming to be George A. Fuller, a cotton broker at No. 54 Kilby street, came to him and represented that he wished to bring about negotiations between him and the Pepperell Manufacturing Company of Biddeford, Me., for the sale of the cotton. Fuller exhibited telegrams from Biddeford, and by other means induced the old merchant to believe that a golden opportunity was within his grasp. Then the second party to the swindle appeared upon the scene. He claimed to be the agent of the Pepperell Company, was dressed in the height of style, wore fine kid gloves, diamond pins, etc., and altogether was a very attractive looking individual. Mr. Goodnow was very much pleased to see him and at once entered heartily into business. A bargain was struck, and Goodnow was ordered to ship the cotton to Biddeford by vessel, as the Pepperell Company, the agent said, was in the midst of a very heavy suit for damages against the railroad companies and would consequently be obliged to have the goods sent by water. Letters and telegrams to this effect from the Pepperell Company were shown to Goodnow, and he was finally urged to buy a vessel in which to ship the cotton. This advice was given in such a plausable, smooth manner that he at once purchased an old bark, the Western Sea, sailing under Haytien papers, loaded her with the cotton, of which there was $29,631 worth, and with several hundred gallons of wine and a large quantity of tea. Just what pretext was used to induce Goodnow to ship the wine and the chests of tea does not now appear; but Fuller and the agent doubtless represented to him that a ready sale at a big price could be found for the goods, and so he took their advice and shipped them. But that was not all. Not satisfied with what they had already secured, they prevailed upon Goodnow to provision the vessel for a long voyage, stating to him that, as the Western Sea was a foreign vessel, she must first go to St. John, N. B., and from there back to Biddeford. Finally everything was ready, and on July 18 last the "Western Sea" heaved anchor and sailed, having aboard the goods above mentioned, all of which belonged to Goodnow, and which, with the vessel, were worth, according to good judges, at least $35 000. Mr Goodnow, however, tells the Times correspondent that the amount is nearer $20 000. After the vessel sailed the agent made out the customary papers, with stipulations as to payment, etc., and then disappeared. When Mr. Goodnow, a few days later, applied at the office of the Pepperell Company, as he should have done at the outset, he was informed that the whole thing was a swindle. The rage of the victim may be imagined when he recollected that he had not only been gouged out of $30,000 but had himself furnished the means for the abstraction of the plunder. To cap all, within a day or two Goodnow has been presented with bills for supplies, etc., placed aboard the bark and these bills of course he must pay. Meanwhile the "agent" and the "cotton broker," with the crew, are doubtless drinking the health of Mr. Goodnow a dozen times from the immense quantity of wine he was induced to put on board. It has been ascertained that the "Western Sea" went to St. John, cleared on the 26th ult., ostensibly for Biddeford, and the St. John papers, announcing the clearance, gave a cargo list which substantially corresponded with the cargo taken from this port. Since leaving St. John, however, the vessel has not been heard from, and the aged victim of the swindlers is in sackcloth and ashes.

WICKED MISSOURI.

A Thieving Collector—Bloody Tragedy.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 11.—The Republican's St. Joseph special says the City brewery, belonging to Michael Yates, burned today. Loss, $14,000; insured for $12,000.

J. C. Drake, a young Englishman recently from Kansas City, employed by Turner, Fraser & Co., grocers of St. Joseph, and a traveling collector, has disappeared with a collection of $17,000 made at Lathrop, Monday last.

The Republican's Hannibal special says a bloody double tragedy occurred at the Town of Burton, Mo., on the Wabash Railroad, yesterday. A man named Jackson insulted a lady named Langford. The lady told her husband, who at once hunted up Jackson and attempted to chastise him. Jackson drew a knife and stabbed Langford several times, inflicting mortal wounds. Mrs. L. then appeared on the scene, and shot Jackson in the breast, whereupon he turned on the woman, cut her slightly two or three times, when he fell exhausted from loss of blood. Both Jackson and Langford will die.

No clue has yet been obtained to the murderer of William E. Landerman. Jesse Calvert, arrested this afternoon, has been released, he having clearly shown that he could not have been engaged in the affair. Several other men were arrested this afternoon on suspicion, but the police do not think they have got the right men yet.

A Lawless Chief Killed.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 10.—The Gazette's special from Fort Smith says the following telegram was received there to day by V. Dell, U. S. Marshal:

"Have been in pursuit of Little Buck five days; run on him to day.' He, with five others, showed fight, resulting in the killing of Little Buck. Indians are reported in gangs waiting for me to pull out, which will compel me to wait a day or two for the excitement to subside.

"L. W. MARKS,
'Deputy Marshal."

Little Buck is one of the chiefs of the Osage tribe of Indians which, although one of the wealthiest tribes in the territory, is the most lawless.

A "Whirling" Girl.

NEW CALIFORNIA, O., Aug 11.—Yesterday morning a 10 year old daughter of Peter Crumler commenced a series of "whirling dervish' movements, which has quite overcome the neighborhood with wonder and excitement. Throwing her arms straight out, she rapidly whirls round, with an irregular step, from 10 to 15 minutes, and then sinks in a semi-conscious state to the floor. These whirling spells have continued at intervals of about an hour. She has not slept since they came on, and offers no explanation of them more than that when the impulse to whirl takes possession of her she can not resist it. Superstitious people believe her to be possessed of an Oriental devil.

Burned to a Crisp.

EAST SAGINAW, August 10.—About 3:30 this afternoon the residence of J. W. Billings, of this City, was destroyed by fire. His father, Edwin Billings, 61 years of age, endeavored to subdue the flames, was overcome by smoke, and before help could reach him, his body was burned to a crisp. His daughter-in-law was also severely burned about the head and shoulders. Loss, $300 on furniture and $1,000 on building.

SPECULATIVE LIFE INSURANCE.

Grave Suspicions that it Has Led to a Horrible Murder.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Aug. 9.—Speculative life insurance has been the cause of an atrocious murder in Lycoming County. An old man named Joseph Miller, 74 years of age, and residing with his son Samuel, in Clinton Township, about three miles from the Village of Montgomery, died very suddenly a few days ago, and was hurriedly buried in less than 24 hours after his death. Owing to the fact that he was a victim of life insurance policies in some of the Snyder County companies to the amount of $40,000 which were held by different parties, including the son with whom he lived, who had $2 000 on the life of his father, suspicion was aroused that there was something wrong. Another son named John, was also suspicious that his father had been foully dealt with and that his brother was guilty of the horrible crime of murder for the purpose of realizing the insurance that he carried on him. Feeling that it was his duty to make known what he knew about the affair, he came to Williamsport and informed Dist. Atty. Reardon. This official took steps immediately to investigate. He informed the Coroner, and with that official proceeded to the lonely graveyard where the old man was so hastily buried, for the purpose of having the body disinterred for examination. A jury composed of responsible citizens, including Dr. Wm. Adams, was impaneled. The body was raised, and an examination made which was so conclusive that the jury, after hearing and seeing the post mortem examination made by Dr Adams, promptly agreed upon the verdict that Joseph Miller came to his death by poison administered by his son. The body of the deceased was much swollen, it is said, the head particularly being greatly enlarged and turned black. The stomach was secured and brought to Williamsport for the purpose of having the contents analyzed. It is also understood that the jury are in possession of many corroborating facts which were laid before them, and which they do not feel at liberty to divulge at present. It is currently reported that there are several parties at Williamsport who are holders of policies on the life of the old man, but it is not believed that they are in any way connected with the murder, notwithstanding there are many grave rumors. It is well known that there is an agency for speculative life insurance in this city, and that a certain doctor or two are concerned in the business. Several paupers are known to be heavily insured, and one particularly, an old negro, is said to be plastered all over with the graveyard certificates, which are hawked about among the speculators like so many shares of railroad stock. After the verdict of the jury had been rendered, the coroner returned to the city, and a warrant was at once made out for the arrest of Samuel Miller, charged with murdering his father, and placed in the hands of an officer for his arrest. Yesterday the officer proceeded to Clinton township to look for the accused. He was found and last night was brought before a Justice. He strongly declares his innocence. He was locked up without bail.

UNEXPLAINED SUICIDE

Of Judge Colt, of the Massachusetts Supreme Bench.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Aug. 9.—This Town was terribly shocked this evening by the news that Judge James D. Colt, of the Massachusetts Supreme bench, had been found dead in his office, having committed suicide. The facts are: Judge Colt has had for years a private office in a room connected with the Berkshire County Savings Bank, where he had a library and other accommodations for writing and study. He entered this study this afternoon about 4 o'clock. When Treasurer Daniel Day left the bank the Judge was sitting at his table with books before him and writing paper, and apparently engaged as he is usually when in the office. At 5:15 the janitor entered the bank. The Judge was sitting in his office reading. He asked the janitor if he wished to dust the room as usual, and being told by the janitor he did not wish to disturb him, the Judge said: "You need not dust this room again," and excitedly pulled off his coat and vest, but put them on again immediately. The janitor then left. About 6:30 Treas. Day returned to the bank and entered the Judge's room. He found Judge Colt lying on the floor and near his right hand a five barreled revolver which belonged to the bank and is kept on the treasurer's desk. Day at once summoned medical aid, but life was extinct, though the body was quite warm. The pistol had been held against the right temple. The ball passed upward and out of the top of the head and struck the ceiling of the room, falling to the floor at the dead man's feet.

Judge Colt was born in Pittsfield, Oct. 8, 1817. He was appointed to the Supreme bench in 1865, had filled several important offices, and at his death was Trustee of Williams College. For some time he had been in very bad health.

GEORGIA'S DISGRACE.

The Penitentiary Contract System Being Ventilated.

ATLANTA, August 11. — Yesterday Georgia's Penitentiary system was fully discussed in the Legislature and some shocking statements made. Members of a special Committee, who recently visited the various convict camps, tell of convicts whipped with cowhides till blood gushed from them; of men and women, whites and blacks, chained together; of escaped convicts chased with hounds; of one convict smoked out of a brush heap he had taken refuge in, and where he remained until severely burned, and then whipped on his seared skin; of convicts worked 15 hours a day and scantily fed, and of various horrors connected with the system. Two colored members made speeches begging the Legislature to reform or abolish the system, saying that they spoke in pity for the negro convicts, who constitute four-fifths of the Penitentiary. The discussion was quite excited, and will continue. At present all the convicts are leased to men who use them on farms or in mines, and complaints of cruelty are numerous. The bill now under discussion provides a Board of Managers for the Penitentiary, with a Warden at each convict camp to see that they are all treated impartially, and that no cruelty is practiced by guards or whipping bosses. It will probably pass.

THE INDIAN WAR.

More Murders—The Apaches in Full Force.

DENVER, Col., Aug. 11.—The Tribune's Los Vegas special says: News of the murder of seven person at Elrita was received at Albuquerque late last night. A special train containing 40 well armed men left Albuquerque yesterday for the scene of the depredations; also another train of between 50 and 100 men left there at 4 o'clock this morning for the same place."

The following was received to-day from Elrita, N. M.: "A Pueblo Indian arrived at night, and says the Indians massacred a wife and two children. He started on a pony, with a companion on a burro; the man on the burro is supposed to have been killed, as he has not been heard from. Mexicans and Pueblo Indians have been scouting the country all night. Scouts arrived early this morning, and report a band encamped at Salt Springs, 15 miles from here. A squad of troops came from Fort Wingate this morning, and a few started out on a scout. It is thought Tranquillo Luno, who left Los Lunas with a company of men a day or two ago, is driving the Indians this way. The Apaches are now reported in full force about 15 miles south of Acoma Station. Several ranches have been destroyed and a number of men are killed and missing. An Acoma Indian was captured by the Apaches last evening, but escaped. He said the Apaches will move in two parties; that one would strike the railroad near McCarthy's, the other near Loquna. Scouts are out, 40 of whom are mounted."

MIXED POLITICS.

The Straightouts of Virginia—A Platform but No Ticket.

Schurz and Curtis on Civil Service Reform—A Grist of Resolutions.

VIRGINIA REPUBLICANS.

LYNCHBURG, Aug. 11.—The following is the platform adopted by the Republican Convention of Virginia:

WHEREAS, It is proper that when the people assemble in convention they should avow distinctly the principles of government on which they stand. Now therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we, the Republicans of Virginia, hereby make declaration of our allegiance and adhesion to the principles of the Republican party of the country and our determination to stand squarely by the organization of the Republican party of Virginia, always defending it against the assaults of all persons or parties whatsoever.

"*Resolved*, That amongst the principles of the Republican party none is of more vital importance to the welfare and interest of the country in all its ports than that which pertains to the sanctity of Government contracts. It therefore, becomes the special duty and province of the Republican party of Virginia to guard and protect the credit of our time honored State which has been besmirched with repudiation or received with distrust by the gross mismanagement of the various factions of the Democratic party which have conducted the legislation of the State.

"*Resolved*, That the Republican party of Virginia hereby pledge itself to redeem the State from the discredit that now hangs over her in regard to her just obligations for monies loaned her for the construction of her internal improvements and charitable institutions, which permeating every quarter of the States brings benefits of far greater value than their cost to our whole people, and we in the most solemn form pledge the Republican party of this State to the full payment of the whole debt of the State, less one third set aside as justly falling on West Virginia. That the industries of the country should be fostered through protective laws, so as to develope our own resources, employ our own labor, create a home market, enhance values and promote the happiness and prosperity of the people.

"*Resolved*, That the public school system of Virginia is a creature of the Republican party and we demand that every dollar the Constitution dedicates to it should be sacredly applied thereto as a means of educating the children of the State without regard to condition or race. The imposition of the capitation tax as the source of revenue for the support of public schools, with out its disfranchising effects.

"*Resolved*, That we favor the repeal of the disqualification from the elective franchise by conviction of petit larceny, and infamous laws which

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

Bradlaugh's erysipelas has further increased.

Grevy, a large village in the Canton of Grisons, Switzerland, has been destroyed by fire.

The Irish Land League acknowledges the receipt of £2,579 for the week from America and New Zealand.

Several negroes were killed near Lexington, Va., by a slide in a railroad cut upon which they were at work.

The Western Nail Association has advanced the card rate from $2 75 to $3, subject to the usual rates of discount.

Bullion in the Bank of England decreased £573,000 the past week. Proportion of reserve to liability 48 3-16 per cent.

Jack Sheehan, of Montreal, who was tried for the murder of Hackett in the Orange riot of 1877, has become wolently irsane.

It is reported that Parker, the Adirondock guide who sssaulted Mrs. Bull, died from the shot wound received while resisting arrest.

A. D. Wheelock, a clerk in the employ of J. C. Wolcott & Co., brokers, New York, absconded with $40,000 in securities and $15,000 in checks.

Four colored men have gone on duty with the police force at Philadelphia. They are the first on record, and are regarded with great curiosity.

Elder James White, founder of the sect of Adventists, a direct descendant of the first white child born to the pilgrim fathers, died at Battle Creek, Mich.

Francis Murphy, the well known temperance orator, sailed for England from New York in the steamer "City of Berlin." He will lecture in England, Scotland and Ireland.

Joshua Dye, who was a leader of the Knights of the Golden Circle during the war, and was for several months a political prisoner at Indianapolis, died at Abington last night.

David K. Carroll, a Baltimore manufacturer, who bequeathed several million dollars to his family, placed $100 000 in the hands of his executors to defend the will in case of litigation.

A dispatch says 15 Regulators rode into Grayson, Ky. last Saturday and attempted to assume control. The Marshal raised a posse, killed three of the Regulators and captured four.

President Bond's plans for adjustment of the indebtedness of the Reading Railroad Company were submitted to the Board of Directors, approved and ordered submitted to the shareholders.

Omaha has nearly ready for use a water system constructed by a private company at a cost of $350,000. The storage capacity is 18 000 000 gallons, and there are 31 miles of pipe.

Nearly all the fish in Clear Lake, at Laporte, Ind., have died from some mysterious cause, and gangs of laborers are at work scooping them up from the surface and burying them in a trench.

The Pope has appointed D. Korum, who is approved by Germany, to the vacant Bishopric of Teves. This is considered a step towards reconciliation between Germany and the Vatican.

It is rumored in New Orleans that the convicts in camp near Washington, La., engaged in building the Morgan Railroad, killed Capt. Hayden and two other officers, and made their escape.

The people at the Urbana camp meeting are agitated over the question whether the North Lewisburg Methodist Church did the right thing in selling $100 worth of ice cream last Sunday.

It has now been discovered that one of the chief reasons why the Chinese students were withdrawn from this country was that the Government military and naval school's were not open to them.

The corpse of Jennie Cramer, who was acknowledged to be the handsomest girl in New Haven, was found in the water on Saturday morning, causing the wildest excitement. An autopsy is in progress.

Dr. Vorgey, who was indicted at Reading, Pa., for insurance frauds, jumped his bail, and an attachment was issued. He is said to hold policies for nearly $100,000 on aged people in that section.

No successor to Bishop Haven can be elected until the next general meeting of Bishops, but the four conferences on the Pacific coast will be taken in charge by Bishop Harris, who is now on his way westward.

Hon. O. H. Browning, who died at Quincy, Ill., filled the unexpired term of Stephen A. Douglas in the Senate, and was Secretary of the Interior in Pres. Johnson's Cabinet. He was born in Kentucky in 1806.

At Dublin, a procession of 200 persons with bands and banners, marched to John Dillon's residence to congratulate him upon his release from imprisonment. American flags were freely displayed. Dillon thanked the gathering.

The Chicago Tribune's reports make the wheat crop in Illinois 40,856,685 bushels, an increase over last year of 1,484 886 bushels. The yield of oats and barley will be heavy, and the corn crop promises to be unprecedented.

William Gale, the English pedestrian, finished 6 000 quarter miles in 6 000 consecutive 10 minutes, and continued on the track for 14 additional quarters. He then shouted out that he would bet $500 to $1,000 that he could commence at once and cover 500 miles within seven days.

At Philadelphia, yesterday, the main exhibition building was sold to W. C. Bullitt, attorney at law, for $97,000. The building originally cost $1,600 000. In its construction 75,000,000 feet of lumber and 8 500,000 pounds of iron were used. The structure was 1,830 feet long and 464 feet wide.

Atlanta, Ga., is excited over a baby born there recently. The mother and father are both black, but the baby's face is half white and half black, the line running clearly down the center of the nose. The case is so well authenticated as to leave no doubt of its genuineness, and is considered wonderful.

A colored man, giving the name of Ed Anderson has been captured and identified as one of the two who have in the past few days been committing many highway robberies in the vicinity of Oakley and Madisonville, north of Cincinnati. His companion escaped. A watch found on him was identified as one stolen Friday night from Frank Henderson.

A reunion of ex Confederates living in Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and Texas is being held in Dallas. A procession headed by local military, fire department and brass bands took place yesterday. Crsddock's Opera House was thrown open as the place of rendezvous. Hearty hand shakings were indulged in; many had never met since the surrender.

The remains of a one-legged man were found near Remington, Pa., on Tuesday night, badly decomposed. The body was tied to a board two feet wide and seven feet long, and was lying on the bank of the river. A piece of tarpaulin was tied over the face, which, when removed, took with it the whole skin, thus completely disfiguring the face. The supposition is that the man was murdered and afterwards tied to the board. There was nothing on his person by which he could be identified.

Bradlaugh was excluded from his seat in the British Parliament because he declined to take the oath prescribed to members of that body, which is as follows: "I, ——, do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors according to law. So help me God." Mr. Bradlaugh objected to this oath, on the ground that he had no belief in a Supreme Being. Some years ago, Jews were excluded from Parliament because they were required to take an oath, 'upon the faith of a Christian." This oath was changed in 1858, to the expression "So help me God."

Two hundred cases of yellow fever are reported in Havana.

The new steamers on the Cumard line are to be lighted by electricity.

Peter Dahl, of Chicago, bitten by a dog last March, yesterday died of hydrophobia.

The Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania will meet at Williamsport September 28.

James Edwin Harold Rogers a Liberal member of Parliament, has sailed for the United States.

Petersburg, Va., was visited by a severe rain storm Saturday, which did considerable damage.

The Boers of the Transvaal have decided that the Dutch must be the official language of the nation.

E. S Randall, an Indianapolis letter carrier, has been arrested for stealing letters. He confessed.

Dr. Joseph C. Hughes, formerly Surgeon General of the State of Iowa, died at Keokuk from blood poisoning.

Pennsylvania now holds third place as a tobacco growing State, having advanced from the twelfth since 1870.

Of the 4,284 pilots examined by the Government hospital service in the year past, 116 were found to be color blind.

In excavating for a public garden in the City of Mexico, workmen discovered a column from a cathedral erected in 1528.

The American Society of Microscopy, in session at Columbus, decided to hold the next annual meeting at Elmira, New York.

Sec. Lincoln says he has no doubt the President will get well, but it will be some time before he will be on his feet again.

C. S. Seymour, once Supreme Judge of Connecticut, died at Hartford yesterday. He had also been a member of Congress.

At the chain of lakes near Waupaca, Wisconsin, some scientists have exhumed from an Indian mound a skull of nearly twice the usual size.

Ex-Sec. Boutwell has been invited to address the Republican Convention of Massachusetts, which will meet at Worcester on September 21.

Sawquance, a full blooded Sac and Fox Indian, has been committed by the United States Court at Fort Smith for the murder of a white man.

It is now asserted that the report that the Pope intended leaving Rome was circulated by the Vatican with the intention of arousing Catholics abroad.

The King of Spain forbids Cubs from participating in the cotton exposition at Atlanta, Ga., mainly on account of the scarcity of money in the Treasury.

A large meeting of striking nail makers at Sedgely, England, resolved to accept a compromise. This strike lasted seven weeks and affected 30,000 operatives.

Georgia, Texas and Tennessee have lost their membership in the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, as they have not the necessary number of societies.

The Republican State Executive Committee of Mississippi have called a Convention to meet on August 25th, and propose to place a full ticket in the field.

A correspondent at Tunis says: "Official reports and accounts of independent persons all tend to show the French troops plundered houses of Europeans at Sfax."

The Bank of Canada had a paid up capital on the 31st of May of $52,891,046, a net circulation of $22,639,758, public deposits of $73,525,608, and loans, $115,964 474.

Efforts are being made in Arizona to secure the removal of John C. Fremont from the Governorship as for the past three years he has spent most of his time at the East.

The Catholic societies of Richmond, Va., have resolved to invite all Catholic organizations in the country to participate in religious services at Yorktown, October 16.

The Austin & Southeastern Railroad Company, capital stock $5,000 000, has filed a charter at Galveston for the line to be extended from Austin to the mouth of the Brazos River.

At the Atlanta Cotton Exposition a suit of clothes is to be made from raw cotton in 24 hours. The cotton is to be picked, ginned, spun, dyed, woven and made up, all in one day.

During the last 15 years of slavery the South raised 46 675 591 bales of cotton. During the first 15 years of freedom, that is from 1865 to 1880, the number of bales produced was 55,438 335.

A correspondent of the London Times who has made a tour of the wheat districts of England, estimates a yield of 30 bushels to the acre, and an increased crop of three million quarters.

At a militia reunion at Pekin, Ill., Capt. W. A. Tinney, a veteran of the Mexican war, exhibited the wooden leg belonging to Santa Anna, which was captured at Cerro Gordo in 1847.

Gen. Robert Lowrey, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Mississippi, was taught to read by his wife, since which time he has risen to be one of the most influential men in the State.

A young woman named Alma Welsh, at Greenville, Mich., attempted to drown herself last week, but failed, and then took four ounces of laudanum. Last night she died from the effects. It was a case of unrequited love.

Mrs Lizzie Cotier, daughter of M. A. Church, of Buffalo, started alone across the lake at Jamestown Monday morning. Not returning, search was made and her boat was found. One oar was missing, and her hat and duster were in the boat. No trace of the lady has yet been discovered.

Gov. Long of Massachusetts, has decided to nominate Judge William Allen, of the Superior Court for a place on the Supreme bench, made vacant by the death of Judge Colt. M. P. Knowlton, of Springfield, will be nominated for Judge Allen's place on the Superior bench.

About 40 armed and masked men visited the jail at Fredonia, Kan., to secure two murderers named Hardin. The outer door was battered down and the guards overpowered, but one of the latter threw his pistol to a prisoner, who mortally wounded the leader of the lynchers, and stopped proceedings.

Advices from Honolulu report that the flow of lava from the volcano threatens to cause serious losses at Hilo, having advanced more than a mile in three days, and moving at the rate of 25 feet an hour. The water offers no obstruction to the lava, which at times runs six feet under water, maintaining a white heat.

At St. Louis the mercury for a week past has ranged during the middle of the day above 100 in the shade, and the maximum has reached from 103 to 106 by thoroughly unexposed instruments. The atmosphere has been unusually dry, however, and chiefly for this reason the number of sun strokes have been very few and fatal.

Thomas Morrow, who had charge of running the street cars of Detroit, in getting off the front platform of a moving car slipped, and, hanging on, was dragged face downward several feet. He was injured internally, so that he died shortly after. He has been in the employ of the street railway company for seven years; aged 60.

The mystery of the robbery of the Citizens' Bank, of Paris, Ky., by which $20,000 was obtained, is in process of solution. The wife of a tailor named Cooper, who was one of those suspected of the crime, was yesterday at daylight seen to dig up a large tin box in her back yard, and she soon after left for Covington to join her husband. The telegraph intercepted them and the missing bonds were secured.

The late Matthew Vassar was one of the original trustees of Vassar College, founded by his uncle, Matthew Vassar, and also treasurer of the institution. With his brother John G. he endowed the Home for Aged Men at Poughkeepsie and the Vassar Brothers' Institute, which is shortly to be built there. He was twice married, and his second wife, Miss Irene Beach, survives him. He was childless.

A GERMAN COUNT.

A Lively Social Sensation at Long Branch.

A Wealthy and Confiding Woman Duped by a Scoundrel.

Special Dispatch to Cincinnati Enquirer.

LONG BRANCH, Aug. 11.—Count Arnett Anderson, as he called himself, who was about to become the husband of Mrs. Nordell, the widow of the well known florist at Long Branch, suddenly left her and her children in New York on Thursday last, and has not been heard of since. He went with two of the children to the office of a Trans Atlantic Steamship Company to purchase tickets for the entire family, who believed that they were going to Europe, there to reside on the estate of the Count. He sent the children back to their mother at the hotel with the message:

"Tell mamma that my brother in Chicago is dead, and I must go there at once. She can go back to Long Branch or stay at the hotel until I come back."

Mrs. Nordell made an active search for Anderson immediately, but he could not be found. Telegrams have been sent to Europe and the principal cities of the United States to intercept him.

It seems that since the death of Mr. Nordell about two years ago, the business of supplying bouquets and cut flowers to the hotels at Long Branch, has been carried on by his widow and handsome profits were made last season.

Anderson, who was disguised as a tramp, being, as he said, an exile from his fatherland, obtained employment at Mrs. Nordell's conservatory. He had a luxuriant mustache, was nearly six feet tall, had a Louis Napoleon face and figure, and most attractive manners and speech. He helped Mrs Nordell to make bouquets and was liked by the girls, who came in carriages to the conservatory to purchase them. Everybody called him the Count. Finally he persuaded the widow to accept his hand in marriage, and to relinquish her business here and go to live on his estate in Germany. So Mrs. Nordell leased the Gardens for five years and gave the money to the Count. He also collected all of the cash bills due, and got some in advance. Then he appeared on Ocean avenue as a Count of the Persian Empire, elegantly dressed, and always with a primrose in the upper left hand button hole of his driving coat. It is said that Mrs. Nordell placed all her ready cash in his hands last week, when they went to New York en route for Berlin. To-day Mrs. Nordell and her children have taken up apartments in a small house in Second avenue. Anderson has deprived her of her money, clothing and means of subsistence. There is great sympathy felt for her here.

LIGHTNING'S WORK.

Destruction of Property in St. Louis—Narrow Escapes.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 12—About 7:30 o'clock to-night the Atlantic Flouring Mills was struck by lightning and is now a mass of ruins, scarcely a brick or stone of the splendid structure remaining. An explosion seems to have instantly followed the stroke of lightning and nearly all the upper part of the mill burst open and its walls were cracked and riven from top to bottom. The belt had scarcely touched the building when fire issued as by magic from its every part, and in a half hour the mill and its entire contents were completely destroyed. A number of men at work in the different floors were blown out of the doors and windows, receiving serious, perhaps fatal injuries. The fire immediately spread to the Future City oil works, extending on Plum street from Maine to the river front.

About 70 men were employed in the mill, all of whom it is said, are accounted for. Several very badly burned however, have been sent to the hospital or taken to their homes, and their names and injuries will probably not be learned to-night. Menzel Raizecker, a Bohemian barrel nailer, jumped from the second story window, his clothes all ablaze, badly burned in the upper part of his body and the skin peeled from his hands. Robert Larimer jumped from the fourth story and escaped with a broken arm. Mr. Bain says the loss on the mill is $140,000, insured for $120,000, mainly in Eastern offices.

The Future City Oil Works are damaged about $45 000, the principal injury being to the refinery. The whole establishment was insured for $42 000. The loss on the rosin warehouse is not known.

The stables and storage house for bottles of Anheuser Bros.' Brewing Company, corner of Eighth and Pestalozz streets, about a mile and a half from the Mill, was struck by the same bolt of lightning and damaged about $5,000; covered by insurance.

THE PERRYVILLE WAR.

The Warriors Return to Little Rock—Trial of the Assassins.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 13.—The Perryville war is ended, but it is believed it will soon be renewed. The Quapaw Guards returned to-day, after two weeks' stay at Perryville. They marched up the principal street of Little Rock and into the armory. Peyton and Isom were held for the assassination of Matthews, the editor of the Times, and taken before Judge Harris last night, who admitted them to bail in the sum of $300 and $500 respectively. Judge Harris is one of the parties who was bulldozed and ordered to leave the County, and hence his action in granting them bail is very singular, to say the least. The Court was held last night at Perryville, Judge Harris being protected by a guard of 10 men, having requested the attendance of that number. A large crowd of people were present during the trial, and at its conclusion members of the militia state that if the Judge had refused to admit them to bail a fight would have occurred when the guards attempted to leave with the prisoners. Harris himself, at the conclusion of the trial, left with the militia and accompanied them to Morrilton. It is believed here that he will lose his life if he returns to Perryville.

The Fall of a Prominent Colored Man.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 16—Ned Lawson, janitor at the United States Court Room, was arrested to day on a charge of stealing counterfeit money from the office of the Prosecuting Attorney and attempting to pass the same. He was taken before United States Commissioner Hempstead for examination, but asked, and had the case continued until next Monday. The evidence against him is conclusive. Lawson is one of the most prominent colored men in the State, being a member of the colored Masons, Odd Fellows, Knight Templars and Wisemen, and had been janitor at the Court Room for five years.

Voluntary Surrender of Crow Dog.

OMAHA, Aug. 13—Gen. Crook this morning received a dispatch from Col Montgomery, commanding at Fort Niobrara, stating that Crow Dog, the murderer of Spotted Tail, accompanied by another Indian, had arrived at Fort Niobrara and given himself up. Col. Montgomery asked for instructions, and Gen. Crook has telegraphed to Washington for advice, as Crow Dog belongs to the department of Dakota, which is not under Gen. Crook's jurisdiction. From Col. Montgomery's dispatch it would seem that Crow Dog was not arrested, but that he proceeded himself to Fort Niobrara and voluntarily surrendered.

Reform in the Georgia Convict System.

ATLANTA, Aug 15.—The House passed a bill regulating the disgraceful system of convict labor. The bill passed by a vote of 97 to 44, and provides for the election of three Commissioners by the Legislature, who are clothed with unlimited power to control the operation of the camps. They are equal in authority to the Railroad Commissioner, and the Governor is shorn of all power, and the office of Principal Keeper is abolished. The bill is proclaimed to be a sweeping and just condemnation of Gov. Colquitt. The Senate will concur.

IRISH NATIONALISTS.

O'Donovan Rossa, Crowe, and the Chicago Papers Denounced.

Time Not Quite Yet Arrived for the Use of Dynamite.

Special to the Cincinnati Commercial.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 13.—P. K. Walsh, who was a delegate to the secret Convention of Irish Nationalists, held in Chicago last week, returned to the City to-day. With the view of ascertaining the truth or untruth of the reports promulgated by the Chicago papers and the Associated Press, an interview with Mr. Walsh was sought. The reporter asked:

"What was the character of the Convention of Irishmen just held in Chicago?"

"That of justice and right, purely. This is determined by its object, which was and is to aid the inhabitants of Ireland in their laudable struggle to recover their plundered rights."

"Was there any split among the members, as reported?"

"There is not the least grain of truth in that report. There was no disposition to split or disagree beyond the usual exchange or clash of opinions, which is necessarily an element in all conventions of deliberative men."

"What truth, if any, is there in the charge of P. W. Crowe that you with others, had control of the skirmishing fund and used it to your own personal advantage?"

"No, there is no truth whatever in that charge. I have reason to know that no Controller or Trustee of what is called the skirmishing fund ever used a penny of it for his own personal advantage. I never had any control, directly or indirectly, and, except as to what I contributed, never handled a cent of it."

"Is P. W. Crowe or O'Donovan Rossa connected with the body in any way?"

"They have no connection whatever, except perhaps where the relations of slander might be considered a connection. The principle of such persons, if it be principle, is to strike at everything and everyone, friend and foe alike."

"Is there any sympathy among the Irish Nationalists of the Convention caliber, with these dynamite schemes?"

"The day may come round, and likely will, when any form of destructiveness that may cripple an enemy will be fair and legitimate in this case, but that time has not come. It must be admitted by every candid mind, posted on the matter and who knows British usages, that the unsparing devastations, wholesale murders and pillaging by the English in Ireland will justify any means of resistance to their usurpation when the armed issue comes. But the time for extreme measures has not come, and so there is no sympathy with dynamite among Irish reformers just yet."

"Did the Chicago papers report anything of the truth of the proceedings whatever?"

"Not even a glimpse. The Chicago papers are viciously unscrupulous, but in this particular case they outdid themselves, and failing to get anything from within the Convention, they retaliated, in their own way, by covering their papers with grotesque twaddle. Their efforts, however, produced nothing beyond smiles of contempt."

"Will the result of the proceedings be beneficial to the Irish cause?"

"Yes, I think it will. Events must not only be prepared for, but guided and directed. If men are in earnest, intelligent discussion makes them a unity of purpose, and in this regard the late meeting was far-reaching."

"Did you meet Crowe in Chicago?"

"I did, indeed [laughing]; and I could not help smiling at the idea of the insignificant appearing little 'omodhaun' making such a fuss over his alleged infernal machines. Why, the man never had intelligence enough to construct anything of the kind, and if the truth comes out I am sure it will be found that he never had anything whatever to do with them. His fondness for notoriety has carried him completely away, and he is, so to speak, hugely enjoying his newly-found importance. He is a subject of contemptuous ridicule among Irishmen."

Other queries were put by the reporter regarding the hidden nature of the Convention, but Mr. Walsh said quietly, but firmly, that he would not consent to impart more on the subject.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13—During the session of the Irish Convention here it was stated one of the Trustees of the Skirmishing Fund was Alexander Sullivan. That gentleman having his attention called to the statement to-night said he had never been connected with the fund in any respect whatever. The names of its trustees are made known in New York. He says, also, that the Convention was not disordant, as reported, but was harmonious. Fully one-third of its membership were professional men, and one third were engaged in the civil war of 1861 in this country. The Convention had no possible sympathy with Russia, and abhorred the idea of dynamite being used against non-combatants; especially would they refuse to assail American passengers on English ships, when the memory of America's kindness to Irish sufferers is so fresh. They believe that the time will be ripe to strike for independence, as America did, when England shall become involved in foreign difficulties, and then they will have a full right to wage war.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 15.—The Parnell branch of the Irish Land League to-day passed resolutions, severely condemning Irishmen who favor the use of dynamite, or other Nihilist methods to promote the cause of Ireland.

THE APACHES.

More Depredations—Twenty-seven Mexicans Murdered.

LOS VEGAS, N. M., Aug 15.—Meager news reached this city at a very late hour last night that the Apaches have swooped down on a small Mexican village 18 miles from Rio Punco, a point on the Atlantic & Pacific Railway, and murdered 27 out of 29 inhabitants. The two Mexicans who made good their escape were nearly exhausted when they reached the railroad, and had their horses shot from under them before getting out of reach of the Indians.

From the scanty news obtainable on account of broken telegraphic communication, it appears that the Apaches completely surrounded the village, thus making escape for the doomed inhabitants impossible. The track of the Indians through the wilderness is continually marked with murder and bloodshed, and the justly indignant citizens of this section of the country demand that the Government put a large force of troops in the field immediately, and wipe entirely out of existence the red devils who are committing such terrible slaughter and atrocities among whites and Mexicans.

SANTA FE, N. M., August 14—Mr. Charles S. Gough came to this town yesterday afternoon with the report that he was attacked by seven Apache Indians, 16 miles from here, on the road to Wallace; that he killed one and wounded three others, escaping without a wound—but his hat full of holes. The Sheriff and a posse of men have gone out to the scene of the fight, and will report to-morrow.

New Hampshire Again Shaken.

CONTOCOOK, Aug. 16—A singular phenomenon occurred here about 4 o'clock Saturday morning. Early rising farmers were startled by a visible electrical display in the heavens, accompanied by a hoarse rumbling sound rising from the earth. The earth shook perceptibly, with the usual accompaniment of crockery moving, etc. Animals in the field evinced alarm. There was a literal swaying of the ground, and to those most affected a sickening sensation was communicated. This shaking, taken in connection with the recent quakes of the Granite State, inspires the belief among the grocery store savans that New Hampshire will soon become as unstable as Venezuela or Nicaragua.

A WRECKED WHALER.

Four Dead Bodies Found in Her by Natives—"Dead Many Moons"

The Revenue Cutter "Corwin" Making Investigations.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 15.—The Alaska Commercial Company's steamer "St. Paul" arrived this morning, bringing the following intelligence: Capt. Hooper, of the revenue cutter "Corwin," received intelligence of the discovery of a wrecked whaler by Indians, May 20th, and at once sent out a sledge party under Lieut Herring to investigate it. They landed on Koluchmin Island, June 2d, and made their way over the ice westward to the mouth of the Wauweekerne River, about 100 miles from Cape Sordze, where the fell in with a party of natives, in whose possession they found articles taken from the wreck. The "Corwin" party also saw and talked with natives who had boarded the wreck and exhibited two piles of articles which they said they had taken from her. They consisted principally of carpenters tools, etc. The following articles were recovered and have been brought to San Francisco to be forwarded to the United States Treasury Department. One whaling iron marked "B K," possibly the initials of the owner of the "Vigilant" with five dots, supposed to mean boat 5; one pair of silver bowed spectacles and case; one pair of marine glasses and one knife marked "V" on the handle. The natives said the wrecked vessel carried a pair of reindeer horns on her jibboom. The "Vigilant" is known to have carried such an ornament and is said to be the only one in the whaling fleet having such, which leads to the conclusion that the wreck was that vessel. Her cabin was full of water, masts gone and four dead bodies found in her, one of them in a berth, the others on the floor. The natives said the dead men looked as if they had been dead many moons; that the skin of their faces was withered and drawn tight. From this description it was surmised that the vessel was wrecked as far back as the Winter of 1879 80, the first Winter out. The wreck subsequently drifted out to sea and was lost to sight. The sledge party being unable to go further westward an account of the melting of the snow, proceeded to Cape Serdeze ard were picked up by the "Corwin," June 29th. They traveled in all 130 or 140 miles. The cutter had her rudder carried away by the ice on June 1, but repaired it in St. Lawrence Bay with materials obtained from the wreck of an old whisky smuggler ashore there.

Later she made a landing on this island and sent parties ashore to visit the scene of the destructive famine of 1878 in the Indian village. Few changes were discovered. Dead bodies were still lying about in numbers. The surviving natives appeared to be in no want. They were abundantly supplied with arms and ammunition, and also with goods plundered from the wrecked schooner "Lolita."

The last intelligence of the cutter's movements is up to July 9, when she sailed from Norton Sound to Goodhope Bay; thence she was to proceed northward to Kastzebe Sound and Point Barrow, to look after revenue matters; thence westward to Wrangeland, before the ice closed in to search for the "Jeannette." The mildness of the previous Winter and the lightness of the ice encountered by the "Corwin" gave Capt Hooper strong hopes of being able to reach and explore that land. Whalers who were interviewed considered the prospect favorable. Fears are entertained that some whaler has been lost, as early in July large quantities of whale oil were reported seen by native otter hunters on the sea about Snaak Island. Four casks of whale oil drifted ashore there about the same time.

These signs give rise to the apprehension that some returning whaler was wrecked in the fog on outlying reefs or rocks about that island. The fact that the packages of oil found were unbroken, is thought to indicate that it is possible one entire side of the unfortunate vessel was broken in, letting the cargo out. No further details of the supposed wreck had reached Ounalaska up to Aug. 4, when the "St. Paul" left.

At Seal Island the fishing season closed successfully on July 30.

MISSOURI LANDS.

A Big Sale on Account of the State University.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13—An important sale of Missouri lands was effected in this City, by Messrs. Donnell, Lawson & Simpson, bankers. The lands sold form part of a tract of the Agricultural College lands apportioned to the State of Missouri under the act of Congress of July 2, 1862, donating public lands for the benefit of colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts. They were ceded by the State to the University of the State of Missouri, at Columbia and they are sold for the account of that institution. Mr. Geo. H. Nettleton, President of the Fort Scott, Southeastern & Memphis Railroad, purchases 115,301 acres of the lands, situated in Douglass, Howell, Oregon, Ozark and Texas Counties for the average price of $2 50 an acre. The lands are divided up as follows: Howell County, 53,128 acres, sold for $1.50 an acre; Oregon County, 8,613 acres, sold for $1.50 an acre; Ozark County 4,406 acres, sold for $3 an acre; Texas County, 9,345 acres, sold for $3.50 an acre; Douglass County, 48,807 acres, sold for $1.50 an acre. The railroad company will probably extend its tracks through the lands which are both agricultural and mineral, to increase their value.

A CUNNING OLD SAILOR.

Adopting Six Ficticious Names to Swindle the Government.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13—James Hogan, an old seaman, who served on board the United States steamer "Raritan" during the Mexican War, is now in Ludlow Street Jail awaiting examination before Commissioner Shields. Hagan, who is between 55 and 60 years of age, was arrested yesterday morning by Chief Drummond on the complaint of the Fourth Auditor of the Treasury Department at Washington, who charges that the old seaman has made false claims for back pay for services rendered in the war with Mexico.

It appears that Hagan, at the close of the war, drew his pay under the name of Campbell, and only recently conceived the idea of swindling the Government. He drew up six claims, each covering a period of six months, under the name of Hagan, Johnson, Martin, Connor, Cameron and Campbell. His modus operandi was to go before a Notary, have a claim attested, and then seek out two additional Notaries, introduce himself under ficticious names and subscribe himself as a competent witness. In this manner he visited 18 Notaries before completing his documents. They were then forwarded to Washington, and the attempted swindle was discovered from the similarity of the signatures.

The prisoner pleaded not guilty when arraigned before Commissioner Shields, and stated that he was unable to employ an attorney. Counsel was assigned him, and, for lack of bail in the sum of $2,500, he was committed.

Mormonism in Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 15—When the bill making it felony to attempt to mislead any person into the crime of bigamy or polygamy, which is an effort to legislate on the Mormon question, reached the Senate there was an unlooked for and lively discussion as to its constitutionality. Polygamy being a religion, and the constitution protecting adherents in its exercise, the law makers are in a quandary, while the Mormons are making many converts.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, August 17, 1881.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 2½@3 per cent. Prime mercantile paper at 3½@9 per cent. Bar silver, 111¾c. Exchange weak; nominal rates reduced ½@¾ cent; actual business, $4.81¾ for long and $4.83¾ for sight. Government Bonds weak and generally a shade lower. State Bonds dull. Railroad Bonds in light request. Stocks—Since 11 o'clock speculation continued weak and prices recorded a further decline of ¼@¾ per cent., in which the entire list participated.

Government bonds—U. S., 6's extended, 102; U. S. 5's extended, 101¾; 4½'s coupons, 114¾; 4's, coupons, 106¼; Pacific 6s of 95, 130 bid.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thr	Frid	Sat
Old Tennessee's	71½	73	72	72½	71	71
New Tennessee's	71	72	72½	72	71	71½
Old Virginia's	40	38	38	40	40	40
Va. con. 2-3 pf'd	16¼	19	16	16	16¼	16½
Missouri 6's	113½	112	112	112¼	113	113½
Louisiana 7½'s	67½	65	67¾	67½	67½	67¾

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
U. S. 6's extend.	102¾	102¼	102½	102½	102⅝	102¼
U. S. 5's, extend	101⅝	102	102½	102	102	102
U. S. 4½'s, coup	114⅝	114¼	114⅝	114½	114½	114⅝
U. S. 4's, coup.	116¼	116⅜	116½	116½	116⅜	116⅝
Sterling, sight	484¾	484¼	484½	484½	484⅛	484¼
Sterling, 60 days	482	482¾	482¾	482¾	482⅝	482
Pacific 6's of '95	130	130	130	130	130	130

The statement of the Associated Banks of New York for the week are as follows:

Loans, increase	$ 399,900
Specie, decrease	4,669,800
Legal tenders, decrease	193,000
Deposits, decrease	4,620,400
Circulation, increase	127,400
Reserve, decrease	3 647,725
Surplus reserve, decrease	

The Banks now hold $2,087,500 in excess of legal requirements.

A dispatch from Washington says that so confident are the Treasury officials that a flow of European gold will soon set in to the United States that they have begun to make room for its reception. Over $4 500,000 of bullion have been ordered taken from the vaults of the assay offices in New York to the mint at Philadelphia. This bullion consists chiefly of foreign coin that was assayed and melted up into bars, and there was still some $40,000,000 of it at the assay office and about the same quantity at the mint, so that it was not needed for purposes of coinage. The chief reason for its removal was to give room for the next influx from Great Britain, which must soon begin. Foreign exchange is now quoted at $4.85, and when it goes a half lower the gold will come, according to the opinion of the Treasury people, who look upon this as a certain indication.

The coinage of gold, which was suspended during July at Philadelphia, will be resumed again this month, and about three millions of eagles and half eagles will be struck off. The reason that no gold was coined in July was that owing to the delay in the annual settling up that work did not begin in time to accomplish more than the issue of the silver dollar prescribed by law.

Treasury officials say that the shortage in the wheat crop will make no difference in the balance of trade, which is fixed in our favor for the present so firmly as to be independent of any single cause. The exports of pork, provisions, live stock, cheese, petroleum and cotton will overbalance the loss in wheat. It is not believed that the net loss on wheat will be anything, because, owing to the condition of the European crops, if the United States produced as much this year as last, the price must be lower. The last reports received indicate that the yield in Russia will be very large, in England fair, and short only in France.

The abuse of defacing and punching coins has become so great that the United States Treasury Department will devise means to put a stop to it. It appears that many persons engaged in trade have established a custom of punching holes in fractional silver coins. It is believed that they take in the pieces in perfect condition, punch out a small portion, and pass them again. To such an extent is this abuse practiced in some localities that the banks have made complaint and have adopted measures to check it by establishing rates of discount for defaced coins. The custom is to allow but about 5 cents for the punched 10-cent pieces, 15 to 20 cents for the quarters, and about 40 cents for the half dollars. The Treasury Department will probably advise the public to refuse these coins whenever offered to them, as the most effectual means of putting a stop to this species of vandalism. Any person may refuse to take a coin with a hole punched in it on the ground that its value is not what it was when issued and stamped by the Government.

DRY GOODS.

Business in dry goods at all points during the week was of a satisfactory kind, the volume of trade being fully up to expectations. Although there was no excitement or rush to purchase any particular line of goods, yet there has been a firm feeling and a steady improvement. There is a conservative feeling in all branches of the trade. The movement in cottons is a healthful one, and the field for distribution is being steadily enlarged, with indications of a large increase in sales. A firm, steady tone prevails in the woolen goods trade. Large deliveries are being effected in execution of back orders. Some makes are sold ahead of production. The supply of desirable Fall woolens in first hands is unusually light, the principal makes of the same having their season's product almost wholly under the control of orders. While this is true of the best effects in fancy cassimeres, suitings, worsteds and overcoatings in other descriptions of woolens the market is also in a very satisfactory condition, quotations being firm in tone and supplies in excellent shape. For choice effects in cloakings the demand has ruled good at steady prices.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

In Boston the manufacture and delivery of boots and shoes already contracted for is decidedly active as the forwarding of 72,305 cases during the past week testifies. Duplicate orders for all seasonable goods are coming in daily, ranging all the way from the 3 case placing-out order of a small jobber to 50 and 100 case straight orders from large houses, who had previously purchased. The business is brisk in a general sense as far as the volume is concerned, but the keen and unnecessary competition early in the season resulted in very close figuring, and many goods were sold which do not afford a reasonable profit to the manufacturer. In New York all branches are of the trade are now busily engaged and the general outlook continues favorable. Salesmen on the road report that a majority of dealers are making free purchases. In Philadelphia business has been fairly active since to first of August.

RICE.

Dan Talmage's Sons & Co., Charleston, S. C., say of the rice market: Since the date of our last issue our market has had a sharp advance, and the small stock remaining is held firmly, as but barely sufficient for local demand. The growing crop is represented to be in fair average condition. Some complaints of want of water on the shorter rivers are noted, and the crop as a whole is unquestionably backward two or three weeks. The present outlook would indicate an opening of the market in September at rather dull figures.

WOOL.

The Wool Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co., Boston, says of the wool market: The business of the week has been a good average, upwards of 2,100,000 lbs of all grades and qualities, and the fact that the average continues about 2 000,000 lbs a week in August, which was expected to be the dullest month of the year, shows a healthy state of things, as these transactions have not been brought about by any pressure to sell or any concession in prices. Holders generally are firm and confident, and while some are free sellers at the current rates, others are very indifferent, because a more satisfactory market is looked for later in the season. In the interior nothing has been done and we do not look for any further business there until the markets on the seaboard become more active. There is now on hand one of the largest and best assortments of domestic wool ever offered in this market. Since the first of June our receipts have been about 48,000,000 lbs domestic, and at least one half of this wool is in the lofts of our wool houses, a large portion of it graded and ready for the inspection of buyers. While these large receipts have been coming forward, manufacturers have been inclined to hold